

SAMUEL GULLY & CO

The Great Midsummer Sale

During the last two weeks our stock of Dry Goods has been going right and left. There has been nothing like it for a long time. But no wonder there is such a scramble for the great values we offer.

WOMEN'S WRAPPERS. We have snapped up another lot of Wrappers, best prints, new styles and new patterns, the regular \$1.25 Wrappers, all being sold

At 79c a Garment.

FOR TUESDAY'S SHOPPERS. We are going to place on our counter

about twenty-five patterns of 31-inch wide Organdies, new summer styles, the 19c quality

At 12 1-2c Yard.

TABLE LINEN. Very finest quality Bleached Table Damask, 72-inches wide, a choice assortment of patterns, the \$1.00 Damask

At only 79c Yard.

HOSIERY CHANCES. Ladies' Plain Black Hose, Hermsdorf dye, double sole, high spliced heel, 25c quality

At 19c Pair.

SAMUEL GULLY & CO

Watermelons

Are coming in plenty and were never better than now. My splendid location on Main street enables me to sell a good many. I buy in large quantities and am making very low prices.

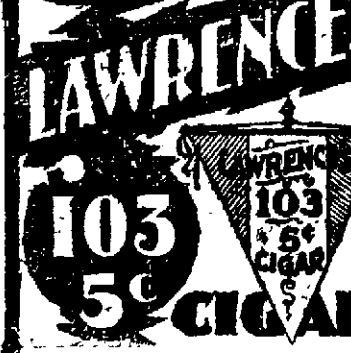
Black Raspberries, Red Raspberries and Currants every day. Get your currants for fall now.

M. V. N. BRAMAN

101 Main St.

Telephone 220.

LAWRENCE'S



103 5c CIGAR

UNION MADE

Our Leading 5c CIGAR.

We recommend the above to all lovers of a good smoke.

MANUFACTURED BY
Chas. Lawrence & Co., Boston.

TRADE SUPPLIED BY
North Adams Drug Company,
92 MAIN ST.

Largest Stock of Cigars in Western Massachusetts.

NOTICE.

The commissioner of public works will be at his office each week day from 1.30 to 3 p. m.

J. H. EMICH,

Commissioner of Public Works.

ADVANCE GUARD OFF FOR PORTO RICO.

General Miles Will Be Followed at Once By 40,000 Troops.

INSURGENTS AT SANTIAGO ARE DISSATISFIED

Wanted to Begin Their Own Government at Once. Shafter Will Not Allow Them In City. Insurgents In Manila Try to Leave Dewey Out.

MILES ON HIS WAY.

Didn't Receive Orders Yesterday. But They Were Repeated.

Washington, July 19.—General Miles did not start yesterday as was expected, owing to a delay in receiving the orders. They were repeated to him last night and he was told to start immediately. He is believed now to be on his way to Porto Rico.

The Porto Rico Troops.

Chickamauga, July 19.—Major General Brooke will return from Washington tomorrow, and the question of what regiments will go to Porto Rico will be definitely decided. It is generally believed that the first and second divisions will go. The movement will begin this week and the railroads are all prepared.

FORTY THOUSAND MEN

To Be Sent to Invade Porto Rico. Vanguard of Expedition Already Started.

Washington, July 19.—Secretary Alger, as he left the white house at midnight, announced that the vanguard of the Porto Rican expedition had started from Cuba. Orders were sent to General Miles by Secretary Alger and to Admiral Sampson by Secretary Long to start for Porto Rico as soon as possible. The Yale, carrying General Miles and a part of the expedition, and other transports carrying the remainder of the troops of General Shafter's command, destined for Porto Rico, will proceed to the landing place agreed upon under convoy of Admiral Sampson's vessels. Upon their arrival a landing will be effected under the guns of the warships.

Large forces will be hurried to Porto Rico from the United States. The troops at Charleston, which have been ready to leave for several days, are under orders to start at once. Unless delays that are now unexpected should occur, all of the troops will have embarked before sundown today.

The regular troops now at Tampa will be hurried as rapidly as ships can carry them. It is the expectation of the secretary of war that within 10 days 40,000 American troops will be on Porto Rican soil.

The question of transports for the Porto Rico expedition and that of providing subsistence for the army which is to go there occupied the attention of the officials of the quartermaster's and the subsistence departments of the army during the entire afternoon. Ample transports are scattered along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and at Santiago, and these will be concentrated as rapidly as possible at the embarking points. Subsistence stores also are abundant at some of the points from which the troops are to start, and these will be supplemented by additional supplies as fast as they are needed. A vast quantity will be shipped from Newport News. Officials studied the map of Porto Rico with a view among other things of determining the most available port at which to land the army and supplies. They would not say, however, which one had been selected. It was suggested in some quarters that the army might land on the southern coast near Ponce, to the southwest of San Juan.

General Hawkins' Commission. General Hawkins on crutches, with his wounded right foot, the first of the general officers to arrive from Santiago, got his major general's commission at the war department Monday. He and other officers from the front, with Count Von Goetzen, the German military observer, gave Secretary Alger additional details about the fighting. Count Von Goetzen was particularly complimentary to our officers and men.

It is believed by the administration that after Porto Rico is taken and the Spanish coast is attacked by Commodore Watson, Spain's pride may become sufficiently humbled to accept the inevitable without waiting for the capture of Havana, postponed until the close of the rainy season, but which the administration hopes will never have to be made by ships and troops. For the present there seems to be no reason to longer hope for overtures from the Spanish government which our government can consider.

It has been decided that none of the troops who participated in the actual fighting before Santiago shall be employed on the Porto Rico expedition. There are two reasons for this, first the men have suffered severely from hardships, the climate and from fever, and

second, they were very bad practice to allow the soldiers who have been exposed to yellow fever to be brought in contact with these fresh from the United States. There is also still another reason, a purely military one. Ten thousand Spanish troops are at Holguin, Manzanillo and other points within striking distance of Santiago, and they might not lose an opportunity to recover the ground lost at Santiago if the place were left insufficiently protected. Therefore Shafter's entire army is to be kept on guard on the high hills in the rear of the town until the men have stamped out the yellow fever. Then they will take a turn at the Spaniards if they can be found, and it may be that Shafter's march will end at Havana. He will work as far from his base as possible after his army is thoroughly refreshed, hunting the enemy wherever they are liable to be found.

Work of the Navy. The part which the navy is to take in the assault against Porto Rico has been fully matured. The several transport fleets will have with them one or two auxiliary craft, carrying strong secondary batteries of six or eight six-pounders. The report that three monitors are on their way from Key West to San Juan is unauthorized. It is the general understanding, however, that the navy will rely mainly on armored ships for the bombardment of San Juan, as the big battleships and monitors afford the best means of offensive warfare, while their armor belts protect them from such fire as the San Juan batteries can bring to bear. The fortifications there are much like those of Santiago, with a castle at the entrance of the harbor and a number of lesser fortifications leading up to the city. These, however, are vexed with less awe since an examination of the promontory batteries at Santiago has shown them to be antiquated and capable of little effective resistance.

The movement of the ships from Santiago to their new fields of action will begin at once, and it is probable that some of Sampson's ships were detached yesterday and proceeded with General Miles' first expedition towards Porto Rico. They will be needed to cover the debarkation of the troops. The others will follow as soon as the full army expedition is ready to make a landing, when the attack will begin simultaneously on land and sea.

For the Government of Santiago. By direction of President McKinley a state paper has been issued which provides in general terms for the government of the province of Santiago, and is the first document of the kind ever prepared by a president of the United States. The paper is not only an authorization and instruction of General Shafter for the government of the captured territory, but also a proclamation to the people of the territory of the United States regarding them and their interests. It marks the formal establishment of a new political power in Cuba, and insures to the people of the territory over which the power extends absolute security in the exercise of their private rights and relations, as well as security to their persons and property. Among other things it says:

While it is held to be the right of the conqueror to levy contributions upon the enemy in their reports, towns or provinces which may be in his military possession by conquest and to apply the proceeds to defray the expenses of the war, this right is to be exercised within such limitations that it may not serve as confiscation. As the result of military occupation the taxes and duties payable by the inhabitants to the former government become payable to the military occupant, unless he sees fit to substitute for them other rates or modes of contribution to the expenses of the government. The moneys so collected are to be used for the purpose of paying the expenses of government under the military occupation, such as the salaries of the judges and the police and the payment of the expenses of the army. Private property taken for the use of the army is to be paid for when possible in cash at a fair valuation, and when payment in cash is not possible, receipts are to be given.

All ports and places in Cuba which may be in the actual possession of our land and naval forces will be opened to the commerce of all neutral powers, as well as our own, in articles not contraband of war, upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of the importation.

Uncertain of Their Ground. Santiago, July 19.—The residents of the city seem to be uncertain of their ground, moved alternately by regret that the Spanish sovereignty has ceased to be potential in Santiago province and by a feeling of happiness that the Americans are here to feed them and to keep the Cubans in leash.

INSURGENTS ARE RESTLESS.

Think They Should Be Allowed to Assume Control of Santiago.

Santiago, July 19.—The American soldiers here are impressed more every day with the increasing strained relations between American officers and General Garcia's Cubans. The situation has now reached a point where there is practically no communication between the armies, and the relations border on hostilities rather than relations supposed to exist between allies.

The Cubans are greatly disappointed because they were not allowed to enter the city immediately and proceed to govern it. They have already selected their governor.

Shafter says the government of the city is a matter for the people to decide. When the Americans leave, it will be turned over to the Cubans and not till then.

THE ROSTER OF PRISONERS.

Gen. Shafter Has More Spanish Prisoners Than American Soldiers.

Washington, July 19.—General Shafter wires under date of yesterday that the roster of prisoners was handed him yesterday afternoon by General Toral. The total is 22,750 men, a number far in excess of Shafter's own army.

More Towns Surrender.

Camp McCalla, Guantanamo bay, Cuba, July 19.—The Spanish flag at Calmanera and Guantanamo were hauled down yesterday, after the Spaniards were notified by officers of the Marlehead of the surrender of Santiago. The total forces there were 5,000.

A CITY OF SILENCE.

Santiago Quiet. Red Cross Flags On All Churches. More Transports Arrive.

(Copyright by Associated Press.) Santiago, Monday, July 19.—Santiago is now a city of silence. The American flag waves over the military headquarters on Morro's flagstaff and Red Cross flags are as numerous as the church spires. Some stores are open, but there are few patrons. Beggars are much in evidence.

No evidence of gloom is seen on the faces of Spanish men and women. Already they are laughing at the prospect of getting food other than rice and salt meats. Nearly all the better class houses are closed. Filth is noticeable everywhere and much sanitary work is progressing.

A score more American transports arrived in the harbor this afternoon bedecked with flags.

Buffalo to Be Made Useful.

Washington, July 19.—There is yet some dispute over the final disposition of the Buffalo, formerly the Nitherooy, now at Norfolk. The bureau of construction has reported that to put her in first-class shape would cost \$250,000. The department refused to expend such an amount, and for a time it was supposed the Buffalo would not become a cruiser. Commander Henshaw, who will command the Buffalo, is converted into a cruiser, informed the department that with a crew he could make the repairs deemed necessary, such as tearing out the woodwork and replacing it with ironwork, and getting rid of yellow fever germs that may be lurking about the ship. It has been decided to allow this, and the ship will be fitted out with guns and sent to the war. She has been ordered to New York.

Theft at Fort Adams.

Newport, July 19.—The adjutant's box at Fort Adams containing the wages of many of the soldiers, an amount thought to be \$500, was stolen either Sunday night or Monday morning. Three regulars of the Seventh heavy artillery were arrested on suspicion, and are being held for court-martial.

The money belonged for the most part to the volunteers, and they had entrusted it to the adjutant for safekeeping until transmission home. After the alarm of the theft had been given guards completely surrounded the fort, and nobody was allowed to leave until his innocence had been reasonably established.

NO FEAR AT MANILA.

Dewey Has Not Confirmed Reports of Trouble With Germany.

Washington, July 19.—The navy department has received nothing from Dewey relating to the press report concerning our relations with Germany, but the officials feel less concern over Germany's attitude. There is good reason to believe that direct assurances have been received from Germany that she would offer no obstacles to the execution of our plans.

AGUINALDO DICKERS.

Wants Spanish in Manila to Be Reconciled and Urge Dewey to Leave.

Hong Kong, July 19.—An important interview has just been held between General Aguinaldo's secretary, Legarda, a prominent white man, and the Spanish commander, Captain General Augustin. The insurgents' representatives urged General Augustin to surrender the city, asserting that 50,000 insurgents surrounded Manila and were able to enter it at any moment. Thus far, they added, the insurgents had been restrained with difficulty, but if the Spaniards continued stubborn the result would be that the insurgents would be compelled to bombard and storm the city. "With the inevitable slaughter, unparalleled in history, because in the excitement of battle they cannot discriminate." Continuing, the captain general's visitors advised him to disregard the official actions regarding alleged Spanish victories in Cuba and reinforcements coming to the Philippine islands, and proposed a reconciliation between the Spaniards and the Philippines under a republican flag and a joint endeavor to persuade the Americans to abandon hostilities in the Philippines. Finally, the representatives of the insurgents proposed an appeal to the powers to recognize the independence of the Philippine islands. The captain general replied that he must fight, however hopeless the Spanish cause. Legarda then returned to Cavite, taking with him the white man, who is a paroled prisoner.

The natives inside the city say they received a fortnight ago a concerted signal to prepare for storming the walls. A second signal, fixing the date of the assault, has not yet been issued, and they are tired of waiting and are losing faith in Aguinaldo. The latter, it is alleged, finds it extremely difficult to capture the town fortifications. His previous successes, it is pointed out, were easy, because of the nature of the defenses, which suited his skirmishes. It is further alleged that the principal points captured by the insurgents were obtained possession of through treachery. The insurgents are now bringing artillery around by sea from Malabon, which is tedious and troublesome work. They are also obtaining detailed reports of the condition of affairs from the inside of the city.

Admiral Dewey is establishing a more strict blockade, lest it be invalidated by permitting neutrals to visit Cavite and Malabon and send and receive mails, enclosing surreptitiously Spanish dispatches. He has threatened to station warships opposite the city, which might precipitate hostilities, as the Spanish officers declare they will certainly fire on any American within range, regardless of the consequences.

The second installment of American troops is expected here daily, and the last detachments are booked to arrive here early in August. Probably military operations will be deferred until the September dry season, when it is cooler, and possibly then bloodshed may be unnecessary.

A Spanish steamer, the Fitipinas, has just been brought in here in the hands of the insurgents. It appears that she was on the northern coast and escaping to China with a native crew on board when the latter revolted, killed the Spanish officers and brought the vessel to Cavite.

The Spaniards are daily employing convicts to fell trees and burn huts on the outskirts of the town, and fallades continue; but otherwise the position is unchanged. The stock of flour is practically exhausted, but the supplies of rice and buffalo meat will last for months longer.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Breed company's hay and grain storehouse in Lynn was burned. The loss is \$3000.

A fire that broke out in Sunderland, Eng., destroyed 30 business buildings in three of the principal streets.

Jasper Simpson, while resisting arrest, shot and killed two deputy United States marshals near Benton, Ark., Sunday.

To reduce before inventory, August 1. This cut effects the entire stock of seasonable suits

\$5.00

This popular price secures your choice of 50 suits of the \$6.50 grade.

\$6.65 and \$8.75

Suits have been added to by new suits and the interest increases from day to day. \$7.50 to \$8.50 at \$9.65 and 10 and \$12 at \$8.75.

\$10.75, \$12.75 and \$14.75

Are the new prices on the finest stock of Cutting made suits ever collected. At \$10.75 you pick from the \$13.50 and \$15 suit; at \$12.75 you choose from the \$16.50 and \$18 suit and at \$14.75 you select from 20 and \$22 qualities. Some 500 suits all to be sold at once. Buy before August 1.

C. H. Cutting & Co.

WEBER BROS. Reduction Sale!

OF
Shoes and Slippers
Begins July 20,
Wednesday Morning at 8 a. m.
10 and 15 per cent discount

ON
All Regular Prices.
WEBER BROS.
Manufacturers, Wholesalers, Retailers.

Are You Economical?

We know you are. You want to save money. We are in the field to aid you. That's just the reason we departed from the beaten road of High Prices and established a Cut Price Drug Store. We claim we can save you money on every purchase, but don't take our word for it. Come and see for yourself.

John H. C. Pratt,
The Pioneer Cut Price Druggist,
30 Main Street, Opposite State St.

High Grade Clothes Low Grade Prices.

For the next 30 days we shall sell all our fine imported and domestic suitings, overcoatings, and trousers at greatly reduced prices. We have an elegant line of Scotch and worsted fabrics suitable for business suits and everything made in black coatings for cutaway and frock suits.

ALL AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
Special Sale of Trousers at \$7.00 per pair.

P. J. BOLAND,
Tailor and Furnisher, Boland Block

----Let Us Repair Your Wheels or Watches----

'98 Hartford Tires,	\$2 00	'98 Trinity Tires,	\$1 50
" Vim Tires,	2 00	" Calc'm King Lamps,	3 50
" Regal Tires,	1 75	" Solar Gas,	3 00

GEO. E. PATTON COMPANY,
49 Center Street.



To Help the Soldiers The State Road Contract.

THE STATE ROAD CONTRACT.
The selection of the right to contract for building the state road is a formality that has been observed every time any state road has been built in town, and that it does not necessarily follow that they will not have the contract. On the other hand, they evidently expect to have it unless some one else is much more anxious for the work than they are. It is expected the contract will soon be let and work will begin immediately afterwards.

TO HELP THE SOLDIERS.

A concert will be given at the opera house Thursday evening for the benefit of Company M of Adams and the soldiers relief fund of the local Woman's Relief corps. The program will consist of selections by the Crescent quartet of Pittsfield and readings by Prof. John F. Hovens of Albany. An interesting entertainment is promised and a large attendance is hoped for. Admission will be 25 cents.

The work of macadamizing the lower end of Cole avenue was begun Monday under the supervision of George P. Carpenter, who directed the work that was done last year. It is said that Mr. Mason can crush stone faster than it can be used and so there will be nothing to hinder pushing the work right along.

The White Oaks Sunday school will picnic Thursday by the "Luucas" on Rev. W. R. Stocking's farm. The friends of the school are invited to join and a happy time is anticipated. Miss Eva Torrey, daughter of L. C. Torrey, is visiting friends and relatives in Saratoga for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Linquist and Mrs. Pilkinton of New York are at the home of their uncle, W. A. Blair, for a visit of two weeks.

The Williamstown Station juniors will play a game of baseball with the city boys next Saturday on the campus or Weston Field. The juniors think they have a pretty good team and would like to arrange for games with any teams in this section composed of boys about 18 years old. Any one interested may address Louis Miller, Williamstown Station, Mass.

Charles Young of Hopkins' furniture store is having a vacation this week and has gone away on a wheeling trip.

Prof. J. W. Lawrence who is serving as organist at Round Lake, N. Y., has been here for several years past, was in town Monday. He will be home one day each week to attend to his pupils.

The body of Miss Mary E. Sprague, who died at Adams Sunday, was brought to this town today for burial in the east cemetery. Rev. E. C. Farwell officiated at the grave.

The King's Daughters of the Methodist church will serve a 10 cent supper Friday evening at the church from 8 to 9 o'clock. The proceeds will be sent to the soldier boys in Tampa.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat B. Towne returned Monday night from Saratoga, where they had been stopping since their marriage at Lansingburgh, N. Y., a week ago, and Mr. Towne is again on duty in the postoffice.

Joseph Quinn, who recently resigned his clerkship in the postoffice, finished his work there Monday night and has taken a position with Neyland & Quinn.

Mrs. L. C. Clark has thrown to the breeze the largest flag in town. It is 20 by 30 feet, the size of the one that was raised in North Adams July 4.

The collection taken at the Congregational church Sunday morning for Hampton institute, which was represented by a number of its students who sang and spoke, amounted to over \$80.

Miss Carroll of Albany is visiting in town.

Landlord F. K. McLaughlin of Albany was in town Monday.

Stewart Russell of Albany, Williams '95, spent Monday in town.

Sheriff Richards, Constable Dumfrey and numerous others from this town were in Pittsfield Monday on court business.

Williamstown is pretty well represented on the criminal docket this term.

W. F. Williams and party left town Monday for the Adirondacks. During his absence Mr. Williams' bicycle repair shop will be in charge of H. C. Dickinson, of Adams.

Legislator, who knows how to turn his hand to mechanical work to good advantage.

A. J. Daniels is building a barn in the rear of his new house on Southworth avenue.

The Methodist Sunday school and its friends will go on an excursion to Pontonoc Lake Wednesday. The teams will leave the church at 7 o'clock in the morning.

Remember the telephone meeting to be held in the opera house Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Vice-President Michael J. Griffin of the F. M. T. A. society has been chosen president to succeed Patrick J. Dempsey, who is in Company M, 2d New York regiment.

Miss Elizabeth Fitzpatrick of Albany is the guest of her brother, Samuel Fitzpatrick.

M. G. Gault went to Boston Monday night with his wife and son, who will remain at the sea shore while he is absent in the west. Mr. Gault will start for the west tonight and will be gone from three to six weeks. He will go as far as Montana.

Rev. C. P. Mills and family, and his sister, Miss Blanche Mills, arrived from Wollaston Monday to spend their vacation at South Williamstown.

Mr. Mills will supply the pulpit of St. John's church during the absence of Rev. Theodore Sedgwick in Europe. Mr. Sedgwick went to New York today and will sail Wednesday on the Germanic of the White Star line, to be gone till the first Sunday in September. Mr. Mills can be reached by telephone at the Idlewild.

F. D. Nori and his two young sons, with the Messrs. Tugman and Miss Mary Archambault, took a fine drive Sunday. At a cold spring in New Ashford they had a basket lunch for breakfast. They then drove on to Pittsfield and attended church and afterwards drove out to the junction to visit relatives. On their way home they stopped at Pontonoc Lake and the trip was much enjoyed.

The Easy Food Easy to Buy, Easy to Cook, Easy to Eat, Easy to Digest. Quaker Oats At all grocers in 2-lb. pkgs. only

DR. C. T. KINSMAN,
Dentist.
Noyes block, Spring street, Williamstown.

CHARLES T. TEFFT,
Dentist.
Water, corner Main Street, Williamstown, Mass.

Get your bicycle sundries at Hodge's. You will save money, 22 Summer street.

Strawberry shortcake, with cream, at Hodge's tonight and every night.

Luggage carriers, 15c; Toe clips, 15c; a good tire, \$1.75; at Hodge's, 22 Summer street. Tel. 223-4.

THE SUN'S VAIN SEARCH.

Through age on age the lordly sun
Renews each day the quest
That takes him, ere the day is done,
From east to distant west.

With burning eye he searches through
The lowly earth and seas
All things we silly mortals do
By Mistress Fate's decrees.

Yet, though the centuries unroll
And though with might and main
He seeks from frozen pole to pole,
His quest is still in vain.

Eternal though his round may be,
He never sees his own quest
Where hides the thing he vainly would seek—
Pure earthly happiness.

For ever yet it fees before
The sun he may keep
And seeks, the darkness, evermore
To hide itself in sleep.

—Detroit News.

LITTLE SENTINEL.

It was in 1859, a few days after the battle of Solferino and San Martino, won by the united Italian and French forces during the contest with Austria for the liberation of Lombardy.

On a beautiful June morning a little troop of cavalry left Saluzzo and advanced cautiously against the enemy, following deserted hyphs and closely scanning the adjacent country.

The company was led by a commissioned officer and a sergeant. All marched in silence, peering eagerly into the distance, their eyes fixed straight ahead, each moment expecting to catch a glimpse of the enemy's vanguard shimmering through the trees.

In this manner they stumbled upon a little rustic hut unobscured by ash trees. Before it stood a solitary boy of perhaps a dozen years, who with a knife was busily engaged in peeling the bark from a little fallen branch for a walking stick. A large tricolor flag fluttered from one window of the cottage.

Not a living being within. Having hung out their banner, the peasants had precipitately fled through fear of the Austrians.

A single glance at the cavalry, and the lad threw down his stick and lifted his cap. His chest was bare, and he was in his shirt sleeves, but he was a handsome boy, of daring mien, with large eyes of coralline blue and long blond hair.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer, reining up his horse. "Why did you not run away with your family?"

"I have no family," answered the lad. "I am a foundling. I work a little for everybody. I staid here to see the war."

"Have you seen any Austrians go by?"

"No, not for three days."

The officer pondered a few moments, then he sprang from his horse, and, leaving his soldiers in line just where they had halted, their faces to the enemy, he entered the house and mounted to the roof. The building was low and from the top nothing could be seen except a little stretch of level country.

"Some one must climb to the tree tops," said the officer as he went down.

His next words, the slender stick a lofty, slender ash, whose swaying branches reached the very sky.

The officer mused awhile, his gaze wandering from tree to soldiers again and again. Then he asked the boy abruptly:

"Have you good eyes, youngster?"

"I?" answered the lad. "I can see a mile off a sparrow a mile off."

"And could you climb to the top of that tree?"

"That tree? Could I? I could be up there in half a minute."

"And then could you tell me what you saw from there—if there are Austrian soldiers over in that direction, clouds of dust, glitter of guns, horses?"

"To be sure I could."

"And what would you ask for doing me this service?"

"What would I ask?" said the boy, smiling. "Nothing. Why, it's just fun. If it were for the Austrians, now, I wouldn't do it at any price, but for our people—I am a Lombard, you know."

"Good! Up with you, then!"

"One moment, while I take off my shoes."

He quickly removed them, tightened the belt that held his trousers, threw his cap on the ground and clasped his arms around the trunk of the ash.

"Wait a minute," exclaimed the officer, as though moved by a sudden compunction. The boy turned to look at him with his beautiful eyes of celestial blue and stood waiting in expectant attitude.

"No matter," said the officer. "Go on."

The boy went upward like a cat.

"Keep close," watch there, straight ahead!" cried the officer to his soldiers.

In a few moments the lad reached the topmost branches of the tree, his arms clasping the trunk, his legs lost in the foliage, but his body exposed, while the sun, shining full upon his blond head, imparted to it a glitter like variable gold.

"Look straight ahead as far as you can see!" cried the officer.

In order to get a better view the lad loosened his hold with his right hand, using it to shade his eyes.

"What do you see?" demanded the officer.

The boy bent over, toward him, and,

making a speaking trumpet of his hand, replied:

"Two men on horseback on the White road."

"How far away?"

"Half a mile."

"Are they moving?"

"They have halted."

"What else do you see?" asked the officer after a moment's silence. "Look toward the right."

The boy turned his glance to the right and said:

"Among the trees near the cemetery there is something which glitters. It looks like bayonets."

"Do you see any people?"

"No; they are hidden in the grain."

At this instant the shrill whistle of a bullet shot through the upper air, dying away in the distance behind the house.

"Come down, my lad!" cried the officer.

"They have seen you. That is all I want to know. Down, quick!"

"I am not afraid," answered the boy.

"Come down!" repeated the officer.

What else do you see on the left?"

"On the left?"

"Yes; your left hand."

The boy inclined his head leftward. Coincidentally with the movement another and sharper hiss rent the air at a much lower range than the first. The lad quivered from head to foot.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "That was meant for just me!" The ball had almost grazed him as it flew past.

"Quick! To the bottom!" cried the officer, irritated and peevish.

"I will come down right away," replied the boy. "But the tree shelters me. Have no fear. It's about the left you want to know!"

"Yes, the left," answered the officer, "but come down."

"On the left," cried the boy, inclining his body in that direction, "over there by the chapel, I think I see!"

A third sinister hiss shot through the upper air, and almost simultaneously the lad was seen to drop. He sustained himself for a time by clinging to the trunk and branches of the tree, then, his hold loosened and with nerveless arms, he fell head foremost to the ground.

"Malediction!" cried the officer, darting forward.

The lad had struck heavily on his back and lay at full length with arms extended. A tiny rivulet of blood flowed from his left breast.

The sergeant and two soldiers leaped from their horses. The officer stooped and opened the boy's shirt. The ball had penetrated the left lung.

"He is dead!" exclaimed the officer.

"No; he lives!" replied the sergeant.

"Ah, poor boy, bravo lad!" cried the officer. "Courage, courage, my boy!"

But even as he uttered the words and while pressing his handkerchief to the wound the boy's eyes rolled wildly, his head fell back—he was dead.

The officer's face blanched. He looked at the lad fixedly for a moment, then gently laid his head upon the grass, rose and gazed down upon him. Even the sergeant and the two soldiers stood motionless, intently regarding him. The others never turned, keeping their gaze fixed intently in the direction of the enemy.

"Poor boy!" repeated the officer sadly. "Poor, valiant lad!"

He went to the house, took from the window the tricolor flag and spread it like a funeral pall over the little lifeless form, leaving the face uncovered.

The sergeant gathered up the scattered shoes, cap, little walking stick and knife and laid them beside the dead boy.

Again there ensued a few moments of silence. The officer then turned to the sergeant and said:

"We will send the ambulance for him. He shall have a soldier's burial."

By a movement of the hand he waited a kiss to the dead and commanded:

"To horse!"

All sprang to their saddles. The troop formed into line and once more resumed its march. And a few hours later the little fellow received his honors of war. At sunset the entire line of the Italian vanguard was advancing on the enemy, and marching two by two in the solemn march taken by the little troop of cavalry in the morning was a large battalion of sharpshooters, the same who a few days previously had fought so valiantly, moistening with their blood the heights of San Martino.

The news of the little lad's death had already spread among the soldiers before their leaving camp. The pathway, following the course of a tiny stream, led to within a few steps of the house.

When the chiefs in command of the battalion saw the little corpse extended at the foot of the ash tree, enveloped in the tricolor flag, they sought it with their sabers, and one of the number, stooping down, plucked two blossoms from the flower besprinkled bank of the tiny rivulet and threw them on the diminutive bier.

Then each and every sharpshooter in passing plucked flowers and strewed them over the dead boy.

In a few minutes the little form was covered with blossoms, and officers and soldiers alike saluted him as they marched past.

"Hurrah, little Lombard!" "Farewell, my lad!" "I salute thee, golden-haired!" "Vivat!" "Bravo!" "Bravissimo!"

"Adieu!"

The officer cast him his costly medal; another bent to kiss his childish brow.

And flowers continued to shower down upon his bared feet, on his blood stained bosom and his sunny hair.

And lying there on the green grass he slept, enveloped in his banner, his countenance pale, but almost smiling, poor boy, as if he heard these greetings and rejoiced that he had given his life for his cherished Lombardy.—From the Italian For Short Stories.

ANIMAL CLEVERNESS.

A Blind Dog Who Gave Evidence That She Could Count.

In the instance about to be given I think that the dog evinced an abstract idea of numbers or else showed phenomenal powers of observation and discrimination. The animal in question, a high bred collie, received an injury a year or so ago through which she became permanently and totally blind. Recently she gave birth to a litter of six puppies, all of which were uniform in size and in markings. Immediately after the birth of the puppies the dog's owner had mother and young removed from the dark cellar in which they were and carried to a warm and well ventilated room in his stables. In the darkness of the cellar one of the puppies was overlooked and left behind. As soon as the mother entered the box in which her young had been placed she proceeded to examine them, nosing them about and licking them. Suddenly she appeared to become very much disturbed about something. She jumped out of the box and then jumped back again, nosing the puppies as before. Again she jumped from the box and then made her way toward the cellar followed by her astonished owner, who had begun to have an inkling as to what disturbed her. She had counted her young ones and had discovered that one had been left behind. Sure enough, the abandoned puppy was soon found and carried in triumph to the now home.

So astonished was the gentleman at this blind creature's intelligence that he resolved to experiment further. He removed another puppy and held it in his arms. It was not long before the blind mother showed her distress so plainly that her lost young one was restored to her, whereupon she lay down in the box and gave herself up to the blissful function of nursing—such as it was.—Lippincott's



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Keep Lime Out of Cream.

From the word go we are down on all devices for the so called "improving" of pasteurized cream. A scheme has been devised, declared to be perfectly harmless—heaven save the mark—whereby a preparation of lime is added to the cream to thicken it, and so make the buyer think he is getting a luscious article of pure cow cream. It is a fraud and a cheat. No preparation of lime can be healthful when added to cream, and no cream that has lime in it is pure. We are surprised beyond measure that some who have the name of being reputable dairy folk should lead their constituents to this swindle. The stuff that is put in is a powerful alkali, and even those who make it and recommend it admit that it must be "used with care."

Throw it to the dogs. If pasteurized cream is naturally thin, so thin that patrons do not like it, then sell the cream unpasteurized. If the utmost care and cleanliness are observed with milk and cream, they never need pasteurization anyhow. This is the fact.

Filled Cheese.

One of our Wisconsin subscribers, who has a creamery which is also fitted for cheesemaking, wants to know if it would probably pay him to buy the skim milk from his patrons and make filled cheese. Independent of the law of the state, which absolutely prohibits the manufacture of filled cheese, we do not hesitate to say that it would not pay any more than any other fraudulent and dishonest business pays. There is sometimes a present profit in such transactions, but in the long run it is disastrous, not always to the individual so far as mere money is concerned, but a man cannot consort with the harlot of adulteration without serious impairment of his moral fiber.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Be on the Safe Side.

Dairymen that have facilities to keep milk at a degree of temperature so low as to prevent the generating of destructive bacteria may possibly dispense with hot water, but the average dairymen has no way to find out the exact degree, and to be on the safe side it is best to use the hot water, and that, too, at the dancing, boiling point.

History of the Stage.

Little Nellie had been to an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" matinee with her mother, and on their way home she asked "Mamma, does little Eva play again to night?"

WHILE THE WAR LASTS.

All who march, walk or stand, should shake into their shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures, aches, tired, sore, swollen feet, and makes tight or new shoes easy. It absorbs moisture, and prevents chafing, hot, smarting, blisters, sweating feet. All the regular army troops and navy men use it. Volunteer in hot climates, ease your feet in comfort without it. Allen's Foot-Ease is sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

MANY PEOPLE CANNOT DRINK

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer today. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

WONDER FLOUR

THE GREAT BREAD PRODUCER

Every Package Guaranteed as Represented or money refunded. Can you ask more? The following first-class Grocers Sell It:--

NORTH ADAMS

V. N. Brennan
C. G. Fisher & Co.
J. J. & W. G. Ellis
G. B. Potter
J. J. Harrington
W. H. Reynolds
T. Keefe
M. F. Aguir
M. T. Gleason
John Sullivan

Sherman & Plumb
Brown & O'Gordon
Chas. Frey
B. J. Boland
E. E. Burdick
N. E. Belanger
W. H. & R. S. Smith
E. L. Galt
M. Cavanaugh
R. Darrow
E. Woodward

ADAMS
M. B. Potter
G. W. Hall

WILLIAMSTOWN
L. B. Neiges, F. D. Noel
T. J. Fowler

BLACKTON
E. Davison

Pyrocure Cures Piles!

HOW ARE YOU TO BELIEVE IT? If you have suffered from this annoying complaint, you have heard this promised before. Probably tried countless remedies, all with the same result—disappointment. Try one more.

Try Pyrocure—

It has been successful in curing some of the most obstinate cases on record, and hundreds of local people have given it their endorsement. We do not know of a case which it has not at least benefited. Of how many other remedies can this be said? PYROCURE is purely vegetable and entirely harmless.

For sale by North Adams, Adams, Williamstown, North Pownal and Wilmington druggists.

THE PYROCURE COMPANY,

North Adams, Mass.

ALFORD

Invites You

To Read This:

A good double tenement house, in a very desirable location, lot 86x90; a number of good features about this property that will be given upon application, and the price is only \$3,500.

And This:

Another double tenement house in the fifth ward that should, and undoubtedly will, find a ready purchaser. Price and particulars on application.

And This:

A two-tenement house, just completed, in good locality, modern improvements, lot 45x108, \$3,500.

And This:

A building lot, 54x93, in first-class neighborhood, all graded and ready to build upon, \$1,000.

And This:

A new two-tenement house, 5 rooms each, lot 54x150, desirably located and good property for home and investment, \$2,600.

A. S. ALFORD,

Real Estate and Insurance.

90 Main Street

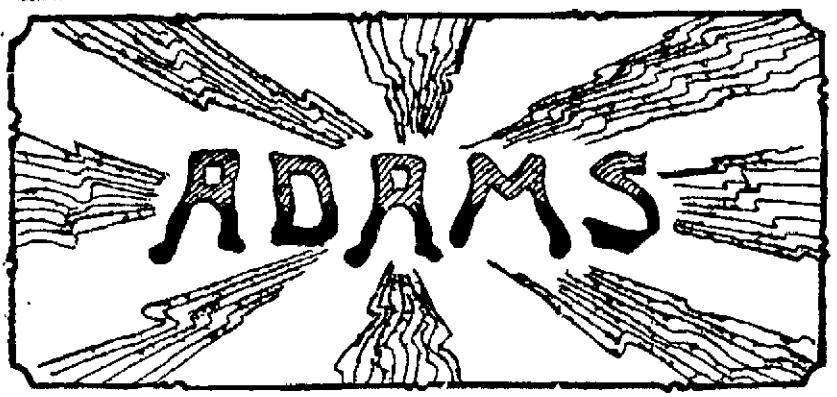
HARVEY A. GALLUP,

Boland Block,

Has Two New Offers This Week. The McAdoo property on Cherry, Meadow and Winter streets at a low price and light terms.

A new house and barn, large lot on River street. To insure a quick sale the owner has marked this place down \$1000. Let me show it to you.

Insurance of Every Description.



THE TAX RATE INCREASED.

Caused by the increases in Town Appropriations and the County Tax.

The tax rate this year will be \$13.50 which is \$3.50 more than last year. The increase is caused by increases in the town appropriations and the county tax. The appropriations last year amounted to \$73,000. This year they amount to \$92,287.61 which is an increase of \$19,287.61. The county tax rate was \$67.0122 and this year it is \$68.0857, an increase of \$1.0735. There is a slight decrease in the state tax. The tax rate for the fire district was not as yet been declared. The valuation figures will also be given later.

FOR COMPANY M'S BENEFIT.

The Veterans' association has arranged for a concert to be given in the opera house Thursday evening for the benefit of Company M. They have secured John Howe, rector, of Albany, N. Y., and the Crescent quartet of Pittsfield. W. P. Beckwith of Salem, formerly superintendent of the local schools, will deliver an address. The program is well prepared and the public should be generous in their purchase of tickets. The program is as follows:

"Hurrah for Old New England".....Baker
Crescent Quartet.
Remarks.....W. P. Beckwith
Reading—"The Dandy Fifth".....John A. Howe
"There'll Be a Hot Time".....Quartet
"Star Spangled Banner".....Key
Quartet and Audience.
Reading—"Stand by the Flag".....Mr. Howe
"Unfurl the Banner".....Arr. by Parks
Quartet.
Reading—"Scott and the Veteran".....Taylor
Mr. Howe.
a. "Vacant Chair".....Quartet
b. "The Dixie".....Quartet
"Red, White and Blue".....Arr. by Parks
Quartet and Audience.
Reading—"Cuba Libre".....Mr. Howe
"The Gobblins 'I Get You'".....Parks
Quartet.
Singing—"America".....Audience.

CASE CONTINUED AGAIN.

The continued case against Andrew Boynton, charged with maliciously injuring William Nelson's milk, was heard before Judge Bixby Tuesday afternoon there was a large number of citizens present. Lawyer Shav represented Mr. Nelson and Lawyer Cassidy appeared for the defendant.

Mr. Theriot, an employee of Mr. Nelson, was the one who found the asafetida in a milk can Friday morning, when he poured the milk into the can. The can had been left on a rack over night. Druggist F. E. Mole testified to having sold Boynton asafetida the night before.

Boynton said he had purchased the asafetida to feed to a sick horse and there was a package in court, which he claimed was the package he purchased. The package that was found in the milk can was also shown in court. The latter weighed an ounce and a half and the package which Mr. Boynton claimed was the real package weighed nearly three ounces. Mr. Boynton told a good story of his whereabouts on the night in question. The case lasted till afternoon and both lawyers made their arguments. Judge Bixby reserved his decision until Saturday morning.

RECEIVED AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Supt. C. A. Waters and one of his men were shocked by electricity Monday afternoon. They were laying a gas pipe on Park street, opposite A. H. Simmons' furniture store, and it passed through under the electric car tracks. Supt. Waters wished to bend a long pipe before putting it down into the ground. He therefore placed one end under a rail and the two began to raise the other end of the pipe. As it bent the raised part of the pipe struck against the trolley wire and an electric current went down through the pipe. Mr. Waters could not let go and it seemed to him that his arm was broken. He quickly realized what had caused it and threw himself on the ground. Mr. Mason, who was helping him, was screaming loudly and could not let go until the pipe was taken from the wire. As it was neither man was seriously hurt though the effect of the shock is still felt.

FOR THIS EVENING.

Regular meeting of the Knights of Columbus. A full attendance is desired.

Regular meeting of the Renfrew Caledonian club.

Regular meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. The subject will be "Micronesia." Everett Carr will lead.

Supper at the Baptist church.

Assembly club dance at Forest park pavilion.

Exhibition run by the W. W. Byars hose team of North Adams on Commercial street.

John Mole of Pittsfield, who has been ill, is visiting local friends.

Mrs. Ernest C. Gale and Miss Amelia Simmons of Cohasset, N. Y., are visiting their cousin, Miss Edith Simmons of Park street.

Mrs. Sarah Goldthwaite of Monroe Bridge, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Nichols of Zylonia.

T. P. Welch went to Boston Monday.

D. A. J. Bond left Monday for a vacation in the Adirondacks.

Dexter Mason of Zylonia left for Windsor Monday and will remain there until his haying is done.

The interior of the new South Adams savings bank room is being newly painted and repaired by Contractor Young.

Charles E. Jenks is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Thurber of Shelburne Falls. They will attend the Assembly club dance at Forest park this evening.

Germania band will give a concert in front of the opera house Thursday evening, before the benefit concert for Company M.

Fred A. Simmons is now at the hospital in Fort Thomas, Ky.

John H. Perry returned this morning from a trip through New York state.

Misses Irene Bowen, May Ainslie and Sue Whipple left this noon for a vacation at Winthrop beach.

Many letters were received from Company M boys Monday. All are encouraging. The Transcript prints an interesting letter from John Thompson to his father.

Golden Link Rebecca lodge will serve ice cream and cake in Odd Fellows hall Saturday evening from 7 to 10 o'clock. Whist and other games will be played. The price will be 10 cents and all are invited.

Mrs. Fannie A. Ely of North Adams is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Ingraham of Mill street.

Custody of Rebecca was fined \$5 in court this morning for assaulting Thomas Stone, a boss weaver in the Berkshire mills. Monday noon Roughmaker told Stone he was not paying him enough. There was some dispute and Roughmaker struck Stone in the mouth, cutting his lip. He was soon after arrested.

There is talk of having a baseball game between the "Has Beens" and the "Chesires" at Lawsonian park at Zylonia for the benefit of Company M. Such a game ought to draw a large crowd.

Why to Loughlin's restaurant on Myrtle street if you want a good lunch, breakfast, dinner or supper. If you have a girl take her to our ice cream parlors, which are the best fitted in town and are over the restaurant. Our ice cream is delicious, and is sold by the quart, pint or plate.

J. LOUGHLIN, Prop.
Myrtle street.

WHERE SHALL I GO?

Why to Loughlin's restaurant on Myrtle street if you want a good lunch, breakfast, dinner or supper. If you have a girl take her to our ice cream parlors, which are the best fitted in town and are over the restaurant. Our ice cream is delicious, and is sold by the quart, pint or plate.

J. LOUGHLIN, Prop.
Myrtle street.

FOR WINDOW GARDENS.

Simple Ways For Boys and Girls to Gain Amusement From Vegetables.

A few interesting and pretty features may be added to young people's gardens by the common vegetables. Carrots, turnips, parsnips, potatoes and beans can all be put to unique and decorative uses by any ingenious boy or girl.

Take a large carrot and cut it off about five inches from the thick end. Scrape out the pale yellow center until there is a hole three inches deep. Tie a stout string around it, hang in a light place and fill the hollow center with water. In a few days the young sprouts will begin to shoot, and it will not be long before the feathery carrot leaves grow out and up so as to almost entirely cover the yellow root.

The parsnip is treated in the same way, and when hung alternately with the carrots they make a very effective showing. The water must be daily renewed.

Many amusing little things can be made with the use of cress seed and pieces of old woolen material. A bottle tightly covered with flannel, dipped in water and rolled in cress seed, will soon be covered with a green, velvety surface if kept moist and in the light.

A boy who spends his summers on a New England farm, with more ingenuity than opportunity, makes each year a most interesting little garden with the means of the few vegetables and seeds at his command.

In one corner of his garden he erects a little square rustic arbor of bean poles. Next he plants scarlet runner beans, and as soon as they get to be almost six inches high he begins to train them up strings leading to the poles. The scarlet runner is hardy, grows with great rapidity and bears clusters of scarlet blossoms. They will grow in whatever direction the strings along which they climb are arranged, so the little garden has limitless methods of arranging for doors and windows in his summer house.

About the 1st of June he starts his carrots and parsnips. He hangs them alternately along the front side of the summer house—the one side where the scarlet runner is not allowed to creep. In the little windows formed by the creepers he hangs sweet potatoes, always choosing the place where they will get the most sun.

In the center of the summer house he usually has a small wooden table, over which is tacked a piece of dark blue flannel. On this he grows cress seed. One year he marked it off like a checkerboard and kept it flourishing with cress all through the summer by replenishing the seed. Just as the green squares were reaching perfection he would sprinkle the blue ones with fresh seed, so that when one crop died down another was ready to take its place.

Another year he covered a round pumpkin with pale blue flannel, and with the cress seed designed a map of the world. He arranged this on a short pole and with the aid of a wire managed to have it revolve.

Another interesting experiment is to put a bunch of grape blossoms into a bottle with a small neck and hang the bottle to the vine. In time the blossoms will drop off and the grapes will form. They will soon completely fill the bottle, and if kept in the sun will ripen. Care should be taken to empty the bottle frequently.

THE ONLY TIME TO DO.

There was a time when the Illinois Central railroad was being constantly sued. This story illustrating the activity of plaintiffs is related by the Louisville Courier-Journal. Emily A. Storrs, the famous Chicago lawyer, was approached by an old man with a note one day. The note had been found among the effects of a deceased relative.

"What's the nature of the note?" asked Mr. Storrs.

"I don't know, sir," replied the old fellow.

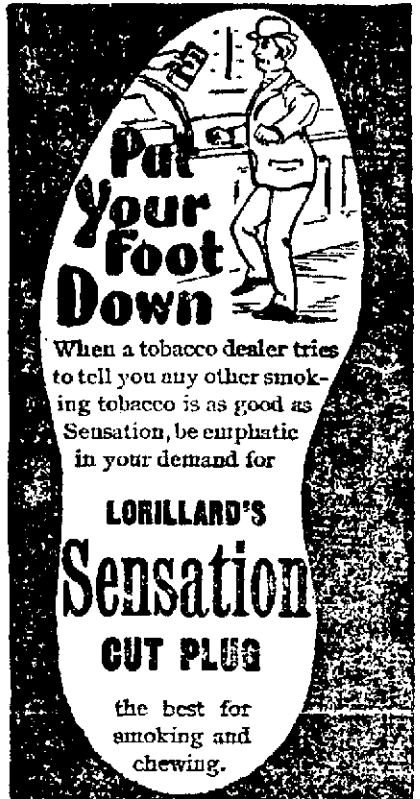
"Have you any idea who wrote it?" asked Mr. Storrs.

"No, sir," answered the note bearer.

"Well, do you know anything about the note at all?" asked Mr. Storrs.

"Nothing at all, sir," answered the old man.

"Well," remarked Mr. Storrs thoughtfully, "the only thing I can see to do in the premises is to sue the Illinois Central railroad."



MISSED MONARCHS.

ROYAL RULERS WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED VIOLENT DEATH.

Louis Philippe Had Lead Pumped at Him For Fourteen Years—The Attempts on Queen Victoria's Life—Emperor William Had Many Close Calls.

The list of missed monarchs is, taking it no further back than the last half dozen decades or so, an interesting subject of consideration. At the head of it we find the most missed monarch of his own or indeed of any age, Louis Philippe. For a matter of 14 years this monarch was constantly having lead pumped at him. His experience began on Nov. 19, 1832. Somebody—it was never properly ascertained who—opened fire upon him on the Pont Neuf. This was not a forecast. Fieschi followed with his infernal machine July 28, 1835. Nineteen barrels, with four balls in each, arranged to cover a space of 25 feet wide and 10 feet high, accounted for Marshal Mortier, three other military officers and five civilians on the spot. The king rode home without a scratch. All-band followed June 23, 1838; Meunier in December of the same year. Darnus drew his pistol in 1840. Lecon had not shot at his sovereign from behind a wall in 1846, and before that year was out Henri had done his best to "snipe" him from the garden of the Tuilleries. And all these operators had provided themselves with at least four shots apiece. All they succeeded in doing to their target was to lodge a bit of wadding in one of his ambrosial whiskers.

Meunier followed in 1840, John Francis in 1843, Beaumont a few weeks later. In the same year and William Hamilton in 1849 had all scored misses against the sovereign lady of these realms, who was to have yet a further experience at Windsor station in 1882, when Maclean, the homicidal lunatic, made his attempt.

But for what happened at St. Petersburg at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of March 18, 1881, the second Alexander of Russia might have been much abused as the efficient king himself. Karakozov had missed him at St. Petersburg in 1880. Berzowski had missed him again in Paris on that historic 6th of June in 1887. Soloviev failed in 1879. They laid a mine for him just outside Moscow and the imperial luggage train happened to be running first that day. Then they filled a vault below the dining room at the Winter palace. But that December evening it so fell out that the imperial dinner party was a little later than usual. The czar had gone to meet the Prince of Hesse. The mine was fired before the party had entered the room. Before the Borki "accident" the son of Alexander II had had a couple of experiences. One officer all but had him at Gatchina in 1887. Another missed him even more narrowly the next year.

Three missed was her most Catholic Majesty Isabella—by Le Bon in 1877, by Morin the priest, in 1882, though it was only the busk of her corsets that saved her, and by Raymond Fuentes in 1886. Alfonso XII was missed by Moncali in 1878 and by Francisco Otero Gonzalez subsequently. When the Duc d'Aosta was King Amadeus, a party of five went for him at Madrid in the Calle Arenal, but it was one of the party who was killed. Even the popular Francis Joseph has been missed twice. Libani grazed his majesty's neck with a knife in 1888. Overdark was less successful later.

The third Napoleon was very badly missed. Pianori gave him both barrels at the corner of the Rue de Balzac in the last days of May, 1865. Bellemeire's pistol threw too high on Sept. 8, that year, when the emperor was just entering the Theatre Italien, and Orsini & Co.'s failure on Jan. 14, 1858, just outside the Tuilleries. Libani grazed his majesty's neck with a knife in 1888. Overdark was less successful later.

The "Incidentals of office" had fallen to King Humbert's lot before Acciarito met him in the way. Giovanni Passananti had missed him on Nov. 17, 1878. The great and good King William, both as king and as emperor, knew what being missed felt like. Oskar Becker lurked for him in the Lillenthal Allee, Baden, one July morning in 1861 while his majesty was taking his early constitutional. Becker left his mark, too, on the royal neck. He waited till May 11, 1878, when he scored two misses. In less than two months afterward Nobbling, "doctor of philosophy and scientific agriculture," proved how much better it would have been for him to stick to philosophy and agriculture. He peppered the aged emperor with a shotgun from a second floor window in the Unter den Linden. Four were some 80 pellets to be counted about the imperial physiognomy and forehead. The recipient seems to have thought rather uncomfortably about himself. He insisted upon "Unser Fritz" being mentioned, but it proved a miss, after all.

The egregious failure which has added the king of Greece to this company will be fresh in everybody's recollection. For the most, Milan I of Servia, qualified for his place on the list, it appears in 1882, and Pedro II of Brazil became entitled to one in 1889. But these are misses which have more immediately concerned the parties themselves than the world at large. Altogether the missed monarch seems to be the rule, which is an assuring consideration for them all.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE GREATEST ATTRIBUTE.

At a gathering of men and women not long ago each one in turn was called upon to cite the attribute he or she considered of greatest worth in the formation of character, each attribute to be followed by the name of some one who best embodied it. For instance, a man gave sterling integrity and as his example Abraham Lincoln; a woman, tact, with Mme. De Malmont as illustration; another woman, loyalty, adding the name of George Washington. At last it came the turn of a very plain spoken woman, who in loud, clear tones cried, "Honesty, and I know of no example, other living or dead!"—Cleveland Leader.

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THE GREATEST ATTRIBUTE.

OUTING STYLES.

Fashion in Footwear For Walking, Golf and Bicycling.

For outing wear shoes of yellow kid, leath, entirely plain or foxed with black patent leather, are the correct thing. Patent leather, by the way, is the worst thing possible for the feet in hot weather unless it is in the form of a narrow trimming. While leather and canvas shoes are also much worn and also either all white or are trimmed with yellow kid or black. For mountain excursions and other walking exploits the long gaiter is usually worn, and it may be made of leather, cloth or canvas, the latter being the coolest. Where a regular outing costume is adopted the gaiter is preferably made of the same material. With an or-



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TRANSCRIPT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
C. T. FAIRFIELD, Editor and Mgr.
From
The Transcript Buildings, Bank Street,
North Adams, Mass.

Know what record of sin awaits me on the other world; but this I do know; that I never was so mean as to despise a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black.

—John A. Andrew.

MEMBERS ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The latest telegraphic dispatches from all parts of the world are received exclusively by The Transcript up to the hour of going to press.

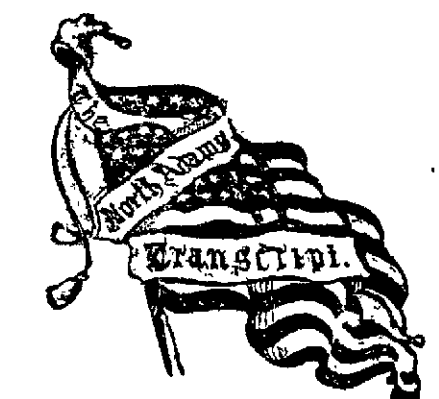
"WE HOLD THE WESTERN GATEWAY."

From the seal of the city of North Adams

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 19, '98

ADVERTISERS in The Transcript are the best business men in this community. Their advertisements are worth reading, and they are the firms with whom to trade most advantageously.

COMMUNICATIONS on live topics are solicited by The Transcript. They must be signed (not necessarily for publication) and be brief, to insure printing.



Stand by the Flag and President.

"TEN MINUTES FOR LUNCH."

"Ten minutes for refreshments," the well known phrase of railroad travel some years ago, was promptly seized upon by European humorists as the keynote of American life. As Americans, which meant hustlers, we could not afford to stop longer than that for our refreshments by the way. Europe laughed, and thought it a huge joke to cartoon the incomprehensible hurry into which America was plunged. And now we are at it again. But Europe is not laughing any more. A nation that takes only "ten minutes for refreshments" in its wars as well as its travels is a serious thing.

Santiago has hardly fallen, and one great point won, when restless Uncle Sam is darting off to the next stopping place. At San Juan he will call for more pie and coffee, and during his ten minutes at the lunch counter there will meditate grimly on the early criticisms of those at home, who had so long, cut their ten minutes down to five that they dubbed even this a "slow war." Uncle Sam has long been the hustler among nations, and his short stops for refreshments have proved most amusing to others, but they have not impaired his digestion so far that he cannot still do a good deal of fighting between stops.

In the present case there is nothing else for him to do. Spain has so long been a slothfully contented nation that to think of settling the present affair so promptly as all this is shocking to the aesthetic natures of the sun-kissed dandies. Make "peace after hardly three months? Spanish honor never heard of such a thing. The only way in which the United States can save its volunteers from the horrors of a long stay in a fever stricken climate is to push the war so promptly and vigorously into new territory that Spain will really waken to the fact that haste means something. It may be necessary for Watson to alter the shape of the Spanish coast line, but he is ready to do that with neatness and dispatch. It is a case when short stops for refreshments are necessary, and your Uncle Samuel knows how to eat pie on the half shell without stopping at all, if he has to.

THE BEST HISTORY

The best history of the war that there is or ever will be is being written every day by the soldiers at the front in their letters to friends at home. They do not tell us the reasons for the movements made, or the greater matters in regard to policy and purposes; there is no need of that. The press dispatches are exhaustive concerning the operations, and when the war is over the Century magazine may safely be counted on to follow its course after the last war, and fight the battles all over for 30 years, with each general to explain how his was the only campaign of importance. But the daily life of the soldier, how he felt when breakfast was 24 hours late, and what he thought of the Cubans whom he went to free, these things can never be realized so well again as they can from the letters now making glad the hearts of local fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters. When the volunteer returns, a veteran, he will have merged his first impressions into a general opinion, which will color the individual details. But in the letters as they are written now are the real thoughts and feelings. They are the best history of the war from the soldiers' point of view.

Word comes from Pittsfield that some of the alleged non-political meetings in this city have been at least very close imitations.

A poetical humorist in the New York Sun says Watson will soon change the name of Cadiz to Cadwus.

Spain ought to see the hopelessness of its cause. It has but one squadron left and there are some 20 Sundays remaining in this year.

General Toral will soon lead a summer excursion from Santiago to Madrid. The excursion goes unprovided with return tickets.

There will be jelly toast and apple marmalade in plenty for the wounded of Company M who are sent home for 30 days of furlough.

General Miles has shown true American magnanimity in refusing to take the privilege of completing the Santiago victory from General Shafter. Miles is now to have one all to himself, out at Porto Rico.

A genius in Michigan has already devised a scheme to avoid paying the check stamp tax. He is the man who will want a pension for defective eyesight resulting from reading the war news.

Between street paving, local licenses, and Early Rose politics, the average citizen of North Adams can find an excuse for writhing his collar under the chin, if he wants it wilted, without referring to the war.

The spirit of the American seamen of the wars of the past animates the men of Sampson's fleet. One of the ships is reported to have discharged exactly 1778 shots in the fight which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

Every local political candidate is now in the painfully wearying position of holding aloft a straw, to see which way the wind blows. Some have also moistened their fingers, only to find that the breeze just at present is "diabolical" uncertain in its course.

Methods of communication are so improved that the long, killing periods of anxiety concerning the welfare of the loved ones at the front no more mark a war, even when conducted in other lands, as a source of torture for those at home. At most the times of uncertainty have been short, and the government has done all in its power to make the anxiety as light as possible. Now comes the dread yellow fever to increase the fear of friends together with the danger at the front. And the government meets the many requests for information with prompt plans to issue bulletins of the fever patients, which will bring relief to many homes.

Scorchers have been responsible for so many accidents and collisions in Chicago that the police have adopted very drastic terms to stop the practice. They have been provided with a sling, consisting of a long cord, at the end of which are attached half a dozen lead balls. If a scorcher refuses to stop immediately upon being hailed, the policeman lets fly, the lead balls become entangled in the wheels of the scorcher's bicycle and out come the spokes. The sling ruins the bicycle, but a rider who has once been brought to his senses by this method will never again try to make a record on the public streets of Chicago. From indications on Main street last spring, similar measures will be necessary in this city when the greater extent of paying offers a long and inviting riding course to the over enthusiastic scorchers.

Sure enough! The Drayon Fly and the Fiddler Crab had felt so happy to hear him say those words that they had popped right out of their hiding place. The Fiddler Crab was sidling back and forth across the sand and the Dragon Fly dancing up and down in the air just above him. Then suddenly from behind the clump of marsh grass sidled the 350 relatives, wavering, while across the marsh came the Dragon Fly family under the blue sky.

The little boy laughed and shouted and clapped his hands. The sun shone brightly upon the fields and sea.—Albert Bigelow Paine in New York Herald.

TRANSFERRING PICTURES.

If You Wish to Reprint Them on Glass, Here's the Recipe.

Prints or lithographs may be transferred to glass by a very simple process. The glass is cleaned with alcohol and a polisher, then coated with fine dammar varnish, laid on very evenly.

It is then put away in a place where there is no dust, where it is to remain until it is so sticky that when touched with the finger the glass, if a small plate, may be lifted by the adhesion.

The picture to be transferred must be soaked in rainwater until it is completely saturated, then placed between sheets of blotting paper and gently pressed.

This removes all superfluous water. Now put the picture face down upon the sticky side of the glass.

The utmost care is necessary in placing it, as once it touches it cannot be moved without danger of tearing out pieces of the print.

When it is adjusted, begin at one corner and press the picture closely upon the adhesive surface, watching it continually to see that no air bubbles appear between the picture and the varnished surface.

When this is finished, put the picture away again, let it remain until quite dry, then lay a wet towel over the back of the picture until the paper is thoroughly soaked.

Now begin at one corner, and with the fingers, frequently dipped in water so that they will remain wet, rub off the white paper.

Continue this until all of the white portion is removed. This will leave only the color of the picture upon the glass.

At the finish give the back a rather heavy coat of transparent varnish.

Let it dry thoroughly and add a very thin second coat.

When this is perfectly dry, frame the picture with a very thin glass over the varnished side. Hang in the window as a transparency.

A few attempts may be necessary before expert handling is acquired, but perseverance will bring success, and with care and a little ingenuity very many beautiful pictures may be prepared at the most trifling expense.—Phila-

Hood's Pills
Cure sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, gas in the stomach, distress and indigestion. No bad effects, but have tonic effect. 25 cents. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

MLLE. ZELIE DE LUSSAN AND HER COMING OPERATIC ENGAGEMENT.

She Was Not Over successful in America Some Years Ago, but Has Won Much Favor Abroad and Now Looks For Fresh Triumphs This Side the Sea.—Lotta.

NEW YORK, July 19.—(Special).—Though New York would have none of Mlle. Zollo de Lussan when she essayed to sing in opera here some years ago, the announcement made the other day that she is to appear in this city next season as a member of Melba's supporting company is hailed with general delight. This is chiefly because, though not successful in New York, she has won great praise in London and other old world cities.

Zelie de Lussan is of American birth, but her family is French, and its history has been filled with romance. Her grandfather was an ardent republican, and was killed while fighting for the first republic. His espousal of the cause of the people naturally led to the fall of the family's fortunes, and his son came to America with his wife Eugenie. She was an unusually clever, well educated woman and an expert linguist. She was also expert with her pen, and for some years after their arrival here helped support the family by writing American letters and general articles for the press of Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna. Zelie was born in New York about 26 years ago.

She began to sing when only a young girl, and, her voice showing decided possibilities, her mother took great pains with her musical education. Zelie's first singing for pay was in a church choir when she was only 17. She soon gave up the choir, however, and at 19 made her first appearance in opera with the Boston Idealists. Her troubles began right then. Her singing appeared to be all right. Some of the critics praised it to the skies, but somehow she couldn't get along with the other members of the company, and the engagement lasted only a year.

Most of her singing with the Idealists was done on the road, and her friends said the trouble all arose from the fact that she got better newspaper notices in the interior towns than elder members of the company could command. After she left the Idealists she went on the road in a company of her own, doing fairly well most of the time and securing some notable successes, especially in Boston, and later venturing an appearance here in "Carmen."

De Lussan's Great Foreign Success.

Her friends expected great things from her Carmen. Her voice is admirably suited to its airs, her personality seems to fit the part to perfection, and she was known to have studied it with the greatest care. But somehow she failed to convince the people and the critics that she was an ideal Carmen, and the engagement resulted in failure instead of success.

Then she went abroad, where she joined Carl Rosa's English Opera company, as a member of which she won unstinted applause, impressing the "better classes" so favorably that she was "commanded" to sing before the queen. This is of course a high honor, and of course it is a good deal more than an honor. It is virtually a guarantee that success will continue a long time, since all English swelldom, supplemented by all English lorddom, naturally makes it a point to take up an artist who has been favored by royalty.

The young singer was almost swept off her feet by the augmented triumphs that followed her performance on the boards of Windsor castle, where the queen always hears opera and witnesses theatrical performances. This was true to such an extent that Zelie allowed herself to be interviewed by the newspapers at length regarding the queen and the performance, and there were some murmurings at the details with which the story was told. These did not really amount to much, however, since when the interview was read a second time it was seen that she had said nothing so very terrible after all, though the malice of her utterances was long referred to as a most delicious evidence of thorough Americanism.

Ever since her successful appearance at Windsor castle general regret has been expressed by certain musical critics and operatic managers because of Zelie de Lussan's apparent willingness again to appear on this side of the sea. The critics of the fact that England's queen is probably no better judge of operatic performances than most nice old ladies of unimpeachable family relations. But it is probable that De Lussan will be successful in her coming assault on the operatic stage in America, since some of the best critics abroad now speak extremely well of her work.

The Vivacious Miss Crabtree.

The first news the public has had of the vivacious Miss Crabtree, once familiar from ocean to ocean as Lotta, the musical comedy star, was printed in the New York papers simultaneously with the statement of Mlle. Zelie de Lussan's coming return to this country. The news about Lotta, however, has nothing to do with a reappearance on the stage, but rather with her continued evasion of a marshal who desires to serve the ex-star with papers in a horrid lawsuit.

Lotta will probably never again be seen upon the boards. She is of at least middle age and rich enough to pass the remainder of her life in ease. She was fortunate in securing her fortune from the public long before it tired of her, and she declares she can see no reason why she should again burden herself with work.

It would not be easy to make an accurate estimate of Lotta Crabtree's fortune, but it must be larger than any of any other American actress, for as long ago as 1889 she presented the city of San Francisco, where her first girlish triumphs were achieved, with a handsome bronze fountain costing \$60,000 at the least, and she owns valuable real estate in New York, Boston, Chicago, Indianapolis and St. Louis. She was one of the luckiest girls in America all through her stage career, but she was also one of the most industrious. Perhaps her mother was her greatest piece of luck. The two were always together, save when Lotta was actually on the stage, and even then Mrs. Crabtree rarely got farther away from her daughter than the space behind the wings.

Lotta not only began her stage career in California, but she passed the major part of her childhood there. Her father was a miner, though not a highly successful one, and some of her earliest memories include life in a log cabin on the banks of a stream named Rabbit creek.

The suit which Lotta has now been putting off for a month by evading a marshal is for \$100,000, and the complaint alleges imprisonment and malicious prosecution. The plaintiff is a broker who handled some of Lotta's money a few years ago, lost it and was sued by the actress, but acquitted.

DEXTER MARSHALL.

Her Little Dear.

Maid—Mum, the baby has gone off, and nobody has seen him for an hour and, mum, he left the gate wide open after him. Mistress—Gracious! Left the gate open? Then Fido has probably run away, and just as like as not I shall never see the dear thing again.—Boston Transcript.

His World.

Clara—Most wonderful feats George can do!
Cora—What do you mean?
"Why, he said to all the world to him, and he often puts his arm about the earth."—Yonkers Statesman.

For Weak Stomachs

Disabled and broken down by disease we can most emphatically endorse Vinol. Vinol acts favorably upon the digestive organs, enabling them to obtain proper nourishment from food, while at the same time it is accomplishing its mission as a tonic reconstructor.

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Is a delicate, mild tonic wine, in which has been dissolved the active medicinal principles that abound in the cod's liver, separated from the oil, whose disagreeable taste and smell has always been so closely associated with any remedy of this nature.

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THE DAIRYMAN'S WIFE.

An Ideal Not Realized by Everybody on Earth.

"The Dairy Farmer's Wife" was the subject of a prize essay read before the Missouri Dairy association by M. W. Wood of Pike county in that state. She should, says the essayist, have confidence in man, the cow and her lactal fluid—know its constituent elements and their uses and abuses. She should believe in milk as a diet for babes, youth and men of adult age; should love the cow as a God given blessing to the human family. She should be a neat, tidy woman in her dress, and when she walks into her dairy it should be a model of neatness and cleanliness free from all blemishes—a large room with trough to set her milk cans in, supplied with running cold, spring water to the depth of half the height of the cans, the cans thoroughly cleaned, aired and sweetened in the sunlight, shining bright as new dollars, before the milk goes into them. The windows and ventilators of her dairy should be covered with gauze wire screens, so that neither fly, gnat or smallest insect can enter, or in any manner intrude its presence. She will keep the floor of her dairy cleanly swept and moistened with water, so not a particle of dust arise from her footfall as she passes in or out. She will have her dairy stand remote from barn, stable, pig sty or any other source of deleterious odors that might taint or be absorbed by the extremely sensitive product of the dairy cow. The dairyman's wife will aid her husband in placing her model rolls of gilt edged butter in crates for shipment, neatly covered with snow white napkins, interlaid with ice in summer, and so cased in winter that print and monograms can be easily read by city merchants to whom consigned for sale. This model wife should regard her butter as the apple of her eye—her stock in trade. To it she should look for her good name. Upon its character and quality depends her lasting reputation as a model dairy wife and butter maker. Moreover, the dairyman's wife should have a strong arm and an iron will. She should have a nerve to brook any trial or any emergency.

Any One Can Make Good Butter.

The writer and his wife have worked up slowly, step by step, from the old stone crock and dash churn to the separator and modern appliances of all kinds for doing the work speedily and well; from a few scrub cows to a fine herd of high grade and full blood dairy cows; from cows that made only 100 pounds of butter a year to cows that make more than three times that amount. We have met difficulties, many of them, and still meet them, but determination to win will overcome them.

The idea that one must be supplied with all the modern machinery for making butter before good butter can be made is erroneous. Modern appliances lighten labor and do the work more economically. We made just as good quality of butter when we raised our cream in tin cans set in a cheap wooden tank as we did when using a high priced creamer, or as we now make when using a separator. I have a friend who was noted for making fine butter before separators came in use. A tank and cans, the cost of which did not exceed \$5, were used, set under a plum tree at least 50 feet from the well from which he carried the water to cool the milk; lots of work, but it was a step toward something better. He now has a separator and convenient dairy room. These friends, like many others, did not complain of lack of opportunity, but used the means they had to better their condition instead of complaining about no chance to improve.—Cor. Rural World.

The Soldiers' Mascots.

The Sixth Pennsylvania regiment, which includes 12 companies, has 18 mascots—11 dogs, a white cat and a



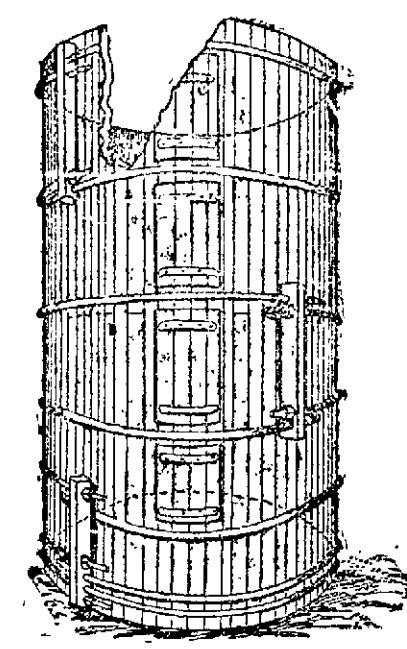
goat. The most interesting of the dogs is a little "board dog," which is the pride of Company M. This little fellow has been provided with a regulation cap and knapsack and takes part in the drills with the company.



STAVE SILO.

Something Simple and Cheap Which Almost Anybody Can Make.

Hoard's Dairyman tells how to make a simple and economical stave silo. A suitable size is about 16 feet in diameter and 20 feet deep. The hoops are of five-eighths inch round iron, two at the bottom, then one two feet above, another three feet above the last, and so on, the spaces increasing regularly to the top. Each hoop is in two pieces, and these pieces are joined in the rear just



STAVE SILO.

the same as in front by passing through hard wood blocks as shown, with washers and nuts, so as to loosen or tighten as may be necessary. Iron blocks or shoes are sometimes used for this purpose.

The staves should be two inches thick and may be four, six or eight inches wide, but the narrower the better. It is not at all necessary that they should be 20 feet long, as they may be easily spliced. Saw into the ends that are to come together and insert a narrow piece of galvanized sheet iron—say two inches wide and as long as the staves are wide. Neither is it necessary to bevel the staves, but set them up with the inner edges close together, and they will swell and make a tight joint. Many prefer to bevel the staves and set them together with dowels.

Doors for taking out the ensilage are provided for every space except the lowest. These doors need not be cut out under the new thing, and then should be cut beveling at top, bottom and sides, largest all around on the inside. A strip of building paper tacked around the edges will supply the waste of the saw. The pieces forming these doors should be firmly and permanently fastened together by cleats or bands.

To erect such a silo build a foundation some six or eight inches larger than the diameter of the silo and high enough so that the earth may be graded up so as to turn all surface water from the structure, level the top of wall and set up the staves, using lath or any thin stuff to hold them in place until some of the hoops can be put on and tightened.

How to Make Poor Butter.

Mrs. E. E. Wood tells in the Jersey Bulletin what she would do to make poor butter. What she would do agrees so well with what some people are doing that we give it place in our columns. The lady says: I am not aware that I ever made any poor butter, and for nearly a score of years butter from my hands has brought 25 cents or more a pound the year round, which is, I think, evidence of its merit. However, were I to set out to make poor butter the first thing I should do would be to let the milk (if set in pans) stand until it was covered with white spots, and the next would be to allow the cream to remain until it was a mass of fermentation before churning. Then if the thermometer showed about 70 degrees when inserted in the cream and the churn smelled decidedly cheesy I should know I was on the right track. When the butter had "come" in a soft, "squashy" mass, I would take it out of the churn and make a feint at washing it with cold water, salt it, and after only half getting out the buttermilk pack it away. There would be streaks and mottles caused by insufficiently incorporating the salt, the remaining buttermilk would soon become rancid (for what more quickly gets to smell "old" than buttermilk?), the mold spores in the cream (in other words, the bacteria) would begin to get in their work, and I would have poor butter in a very short time.

THE ROYAL BOX.

Queen Margherita of Italy has presented to those of her ladies in waiting who have completed 20 years of service a gold medal, the workmanship of which was executed by a woman.

The young crown prince of Germany shed tears of joy when he was informed that he had passed his examination as ensign. He was in mortal fear that he would fail, and he dreaded the paternal censure.

Prince Robert of Bourbon, ex-duke of Parma, is now the father of his eighteenth child, a daughter, the ninth child by his second wife. All 18, 7 sons and 11 daughters, are living, but only the eldest, the wife of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, now 28 years of age, is married.

E. H. Chase & Co.'s pure barley malt whiskey is recommended by physicians for household and medicinal uses. M. M. Welch & Co. and all druggists.

Remember, the WATCH

That has caused you so much trouble can be made to keep time if taken to



Boston Store.

WEATHER—Threatening weather and showers, possibly thunder storms tonight.

Thrifty Buyers

Have a store full of opportunities awaiting them here

Boston Store.

NORTH ADAMS, JULY 19, 1898.

Sailor Hats, If you haven't bought one you shouldn't delay. Remember there are black sailors, short back sailors in dark and mixed straw, and children's sailors at 19c each

Children's Reefers. We have this morning put our entire stock on the bargain counters so come expecting to find a reefer cheap. The sizes run from 2 to 12. Of course they will not last long.

Corset Waists. 5 dozen children's corset waists in all sizes. A 50c waist; we shall close out at 25c each.

Belts. Metal belts, leather belts in all colors; velvet belts in red, green and black; white duck, leather and pique belts; red, white and blue belts in leather. In fact every kind of belt you can wish and all at a price which will delight you.

BOSTON STORE

Blackinton Block.

INSURANCE of All Kinds...
Tinker & Ransford
Office over Adams National Bank, North Adams. The Leading Agents.

M. Gatslick

JULY SACRIFICES.

Fine Ready Made Clothing at the **Lowest Possible Prices.**

I have a good assortment of fine summer suits, which will be sold at a considerable amount UNDER COST during this month. Rather than carry the stock over a big sacrifice will be made in the price. In fact if you are looking for a bargain, drop in and we will guarantee to satisfy you as to style, quality, fit and price.

M. GATSLICK,
Clothier and Furnisher,
66 MAIN STREET.

The Adams National Bank
of NORTH ADAMS, MASS.
Incorporated 1832. Reorganized 1865.
CAPITAL \$100,000
SURPLUS, Undivided Profits \$150,000
E. S. WILKINSON, President
A. C. HOUGHTON, Vice-President
W. H. PRITCHARD, Cashier.
Directors: A. C. Houghton, E. S. Wilkinson, V. A. Whitaker, Hon. George P. Lawrence, W. A. Gallup, W. G. Cady, G. W. Chase, H. W. Clark.

Accounts and collections solicited.

WHY WHEN WHERE

Buy Ready Made Clothing

You Can Get a Suit Made to Order at the Same Price

WHERE

At H. H. KRONICK's tailoring establishment. He will make you a suit from \$16 Up

Pants at \$3.50 and up.

Perfect fit guaranteed.

Cleaning and Repairing Specialty.

Come and learn our prices.

H. H. KRONICK,
State Street.
between Richmond and Mansion House.

Watches Clocks Jewelry

In these three lines we can offer you bargains. Just how great bargains we will leave it to you to determine after you have compared our prices with those charged elsewhere. Our goods are reliable, and in all prices suit any size purse.

Call and see for yourself, no trouble to show goods.

WHITE The Jeweler
80 Main St

GEO. W. ROSEN,
The Tailor,
Has located in the Brunswick Block, State street, where he is in readiness to do all kinds of Repairing, Cleaning and Dyeing, &c. Also, a complete stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods. Call and see him.

H. A. SHERMAN,
19 Eagle Street.
Telephone, 28-5.

Life Insurance

If you would avoid the increasing cost of the old-fashioned post mortem assessment plan as well as the excessive cost of Old Line Insurance, insure with the

GREENFIELD LIFE ASSOCIATION.
Greenfield, Mass. Policy controls are liberal, concise and just.
E. A. HALL, Pres.
H. O. EDGERTON, Sec.
H. H. CLEMENT, Gen'l Agent,
P. O. Box 108 North Adams, Mass.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—Beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A NOCTURNE OF RUBINSTEIN.

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night, hopeless, since the moon is in her grave.
Late came a glorious light,
In one swift foot on spears and gold and wave
It found a flowing way
To sweep the places where the dead leaves lay.
It won the half dim streamers
To shimmer on the morning gleam,
To sweep the shore's sharp shores
To roll back, a fading tide, with no more,
No more on spray and lived window bright,
No more on field and wave.

What now remains, what now remains but night?
Night, hopeless, since the moon is in her grave
—Eileen Gray Cona.

THE ORGANIST.

Though Jeremy Dodd was a good man, respected by many, I never felt it possible to receive him into the inner circle of those for whom respect is tempered with affection. The reasons were many, but chief of all was this principal cause, that Jeremy, though by trade a snifter of trout and a shoer of horses, on the Sabbath day led the singing at Bethesda chapel upon an aged instrument of much harshness.

This harmonium, one of the most contrary and difficult of an obstinate race, was, despite its quite ordinary account, wont of walnut and green balzo, regarded by the people with a veneration throned whose mystic base shone Mr. Dodd him self—a veritable maestro.

Jeremy strongly shared the popular musical tendency to illustrate words and ideas by different shades of sound, but while at the mention of death many of the penitents cause doubts of the blower's faithfulness to his trust by the sudden faintness of their utterances, Jeremy always greeted such references with the most strident of tones. Our instrument was rich in such and never failed him.

Occasionally, however, when we sang of the valley of the shadow of death he reverently drew his favorite stop, and the realistic results thus produced had been known so to affect Farmer Robinson's wife that she gave up her morning gossip to the north and went quietly to her room.

When first I knew him, Jeremy Dodd had been for three years a widower. He was a sad man, morose in manner and scanty of speech, and at first in sympathy I thought him the bearer of a hidden sorrow, but his neighbors enlightened me on that point, giving of the late Mrs. Dodd a brief biographical sketch remarkable for its lack of good deeds and denying to its subject the ordinary quality of piety.

Nobody could be found to say of Sarah Dodd that she even meant well. For Dodd himself, though he was not beloved, there were many to say that and more if need be.

His volunteers were mostly in the minor key, and though he frequently gave us unimpaired arrangements from the best known oratorios he was indefatigable in his search for the sadder and more wailing airs.

But gradually into this cheerless life a light came, and he began slowly but surely to reflect its radiance and its warmth. The style of his playing and the setting of his hymns were new. No longer was our departure from the morning service hastened by minor chords long drawn out and loud. Dodd actually learned a new march to take the periodic place of "Hill's," and gave it of to us freely.

For three weeks I saw increasing signs of humanity in our organist, and then I heard of his death.

"It is not unlikely that Mr. Dodd will want you to play for him a bit in a week or two," said my landlady one night, and I selfishly and maliciously, though in perfect ignorance, answered, "So I suppose, Mrs. Bell."

The poor woman's disappointment was so sudden that she nearly dropped the teacup, and I, repenting, added, "What say you heard about it?"

"Well, sir, it is said that Mr. Dodd is walking out most regular with Mary Kinton, the foundling girl what Mr. and Mrs. Withers adopted, having none of their own, more than 20 years ago."

"Mrs. Bell," I said, "what you tell me is very interesting and quite new to me, except that for some weeks past I have noticed a great change in Mr. Dodd, which I now understand."

Thus was Mrs. Bell appeased, and her news received with honor and distinction to herself.

Within two months of that discovery Jeremy Dodd took unto himself Mary Kinton to wife, and all the village was glad. But what honeymoon they had was taken quietly at home, and my services were not required for a long time to come.

It was indeed a sight to see Jeremy coming up the little chapel with his bonny young wife, full of pride at his husband's position and the fact of his being showing kindness and good feeling to all.

The leading soprano, a large woman, with a larger voice, both past their prime, showed signs of rebellion when Mary took her place next the organist, and in olden times there would have been a storm, but after Mary Dodd had walked the length of the village street with Margaret Elson, they were closest friends. Jeremy, who used to sit at strife with his choir, and then in turn with the congregation, now lay in sympathy with them both, and so was much less conspicuous than before.

For his wife's young, fresh voice rang out above the rest and seemed to lead us all.

Out of the way folk who "couldn't attend reg'lar," as they said, came to hear her sing a solo, an event too infrequent for me, but savoring of ritualism to the rustic mind. All the praise was now to his wife, none to Jeremy, save indirectly, as he seemed surprisingly content, and he sang a solo, an event too infrequent for me, but savoring of ritualism to the rustic mind.

Many are the stories I have heard of the kindness of heart of Mary Dodd, stories of a clever head as well. Many were the children that remembered her as mother or as sister—what they needed most she gave them—kindness, care, and love.

For nearly a year there was peace and great contentment in that household, and then I missed Mrs. Dodd from her place one Sunday and stopped to ask for her. Jeremy told me she was not very well and was staying at home a week.

The next week that followed the point, she was startled and concerned by the sudden death of the organist, for though he had not been a man given to religious exercises, he had helped the people with their chapel, and they were not ungrateful.

On the Saturday evening my landlady announced Mr. Dodd, a thing she had never had to do before, and I, looking up, saw a changed man, with a sad, weary face.

He began to speak without looking at me. "I suppose you've heard how bad my wife is. It seems as though she was giving her life for the little 'un. It's just what she's been doing since she took to the organ. But I can't bear to let her do it. I've been a God-fearing man—I have indeed—but I cannot put up my prayer and say, 'Thy will be done.' It's no use, it cannot be done, and I won't do it." Suddenly he stopped and drew himself together, adding quietly, "I came to ask if you would play for me in the morning. I wouldn't have minded spare for the night."—Mrs. Bell.

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SKIRTS AND PETTICOATS.

Notes Concerning the Prevailing Fashion in Gowns and Lingerie.

The flounce which finishes the foot of petticoats is now quite narrow in front, while it increases in depth toward the back, where it is also fuller. It is in turn decorated with narrower ruffles at the foot.

The lining of the newest skirts is made separate from the skirt itself and the balance, which is ordinarily placed on the



NEW LINGERIE. Inside of the hem, is sewed on the outside instead, in the case of thin gowns, that the sheer material of the skirt proper may be well held out.

Petticoats are not as full as dress skirts, but are from 3½ to 4 yards in circumference. The white lawn or cambric petticoat is not so generally adopted as was anticipated and is seldom seen except under lawn or dusty gowns.

Skirts touch the ground all around, even in front, and at the back they drag a little. It is to be hoped that this is simply a temporary aberration, not a definite tendency of fashion, for it is most untidy and inconvenient for the street, although pretty for the house.

The illustration shows a group of new lingerie of fine white muslin. The nightgown shows a novelty in the way of square sleeves caps surrounded by ruffles of embroidery. There are square embroidered cuffs, also ruffled, and a standing collar of embroidery, also finished by a ruffle. The yoke is composed of horizontal tucks.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

TAILOR MADE GOWNS.

Traveling Cloaks of Various Kinds in Cloth and Silk.

The gowns made by the most fashionable tailors are very simple, their elegance consisting in the excellent material, cut, lining and finish. There are various styles, among which may be first mentioned the time honored jacket and skirt, the jacket being very short or of medium length, with a square round of slashed basque, and opening over a chemise. A plain skirt or one cut with a yoke may be worn with this jacket, and stitched straps and buttons are the decoration. Then there are belted blouses with or without a basque, open in front or closed; tight

JUDIC CHOLLET.

body, double breasted or with a military plastron, and all sorts of boleros and eon jackets, to be worn over a blouse of silk, linen or cotton. In colors, dark blue, dark green, tobacco and golden brown are seen; also gray, beige and mixed wool.

There are several forms of long traveling cloaks, so that everybody may be suited in making a selection. The tight redingote is fashionable, but perhaps less convenient than the longer mantle, straight in front and close or with a wattle fold at the back. Easier yet are the Mother Hubbard cloaks, dropping from a yoke, but these are rather suggestive of a baby's or invalid's attire. For material, mastic, beige or suede cloth of light quality is used, or taffeta in changeable shades, or surah. There are also Louis Quinze mantles and cloaks with one or more pelerines.

A curious color combination is found in the hat illustrated. The form is of light beaver silk straw, and it is lavishly draped with blue gauze, which makes a large chon at the left side of the crown. A small cluster of bluests is placed at the right side, while on the left is a large mass of the same flowers, in the midst of which is a bunch of cherries with foliage.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Chinaman Got a Place. Visitors to the late Lord Playfair's beautiful house in Ousley gardens may have noticed an engraving of the opening of the 1851 exhibition after Solons' picture. All the eminent men who faced the dais on that memorable 1st of May are now gone. Lord Playfair, who to his many other accomplishments added that of an excellent raconteur, had many entertaining airs to relate of that time. None was more amusing than that which concerned the Chinaman who figures very largely in the picture, as he actually did in the ceremony.

Playfair had the ordering of the prince consort for the dais. He told the prince that he had a beautiful Chinese attendant, who had appeared, quite at ease, among the diplomatists, who had no place in the programme. "Never mind. Give him a good one," said the prince. He walked between the archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Wellington and bore himself well. On subsequent inquiry he proved to be a man who took the shillings at the Chinese junk then moored for exhibition in the Thames.—Westminster Gazette.

A Poet. Dorothy has a baby brother who has recently been ill with the coming through of his first teeth. I think he has the baldest head I ever saw on an infant. It has caused Dorothy great anxiety. She stood at the mother's knee one day, gently patting the little head. "Be careful, Dorothy," said the mother. "You know poor little brother is sick. He is cutting his teeth." Dorothy patted the bald head reflectively. "Mamma," she said, "is it going to make him sick when he cuts his hair?"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Manilla's Streets. The streets of Manilla are so modern as to be quite out of keeping with the general appearance of the town. They are perhaps straight, macadamized and provided with ample granite walks. Of these the Escolta and the Rosario are the best. In both there are excellent shops, kept principally by Chinese merchants, most of whom come from Amoy. Tin roofed houses line each side of both thoroughfares.

Near at Hand. "Call a policeman, quick!" shouted Biggs from the second story when he heard a suspicious noise in the attic.

WARM WEATHER ATTIRE.

Thin Apparel For the Hottest of Hot Seasons.

How to keep cool is a problem which perplexes many women who suffer intensely from warm weather, yet do not wish to spend their summer in the seclusion of their bedroom and a lawn wrapper. Thin underwear, if cambric or lawn, is of course an understood thing, and open-work corsets, the shorter the better, should be adopted, as thereby much discomfort is escaped. The variety known as the ruyling or riding corset is hardly more than a girdle and is comparatively cool. So much transparent fabric is worn this summer that there are sheer dainties without number to choose from, and thin gowns also, but if these are still too thick white or cream dotted wash not such as is used for ties and fichus will be



MORNING JACKET. stemmed ones, like pannes, sweet peas, nasturtiums or sweet mignonne, should never be placed in a tall, slender vase, where they merely form a little tuft at the top, but in a low, broad, shallow vessel, like a fern dish or a bowl. When the flowers show an inclination to sink down inside, they may be tied up into small bunches and the bunches then massed in the bowl. Long stemmed roses and carnations, on the contrary, require a tall, narrow vase, and if it is of glass so much the better, as the stems are then visible. Colorless glass or that having a green or amber tint is most pleasing, as it does not antagonize the tint of the flowers.

A picture is given which shows a morning jacket of water green surah. It is gathered at the waist and has a basque and bands of deep lace. Lace also encircles the collar and the wrists of the full sleeves, and a scarf of the surah, edged with lace, passes down the front, is caught in at the waist and falls in long ends upon the skirt.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

MILLINERY NOTES. The Dominant Ideas in Hats and Bonnets. New Parasols.

The style and color of hats this year are selected to harmonize with the costume, and the fashionable woman therefore requires a number of different articles of headwear, although the possessor of a moderate purse may get along very well if she has one black and one white hat, one or other of these two serving to accompany nearly all costumes with satisfactory effect.

There are little hats with a round crown, turned up in front and set well back upon the hair, which are very pretty for juvenile faces of the piquant description.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

CAPES FOR SUMMER.

Thin and Thin Wraps For Use in Holiday Traveling.

The capes of heavy double faced tartan, with pelrine and hood, so much used for outing and traveling wear last year are equally worn this season. They are trimmed with fringe to match and are invaluable for sea voyages and long journeys, where a variation of temperature is sure to occur and a warm wrap is essential. The material is much like that of which traveling shawls are made and is well impervious to rain, while not showing dust.

Another class of capes is the half long variety, of the same material as the gown, therefore much lighter than the plaid ones just mentioned. These thin capes are lined with silk throughout, whereas those of tartan have no lining at all.

"Ossomers" are truly gossamer now that impermeable silk has been invented, and the waterproof has become an attraction, but they are not universally becoming, and only the young should in any case adopt them. They are trimmed in front with tips and choux.

THE WORLD OF WOMAN

BAB IN THE COUNTRY.

How the Days Are Spent—A Wide Range of Topics, Running From Veils Down to Undertakers, Discussed.

[Copyright, 1938.]

We—that is, the large establishment in which a number of people, including me, two dogs and a canary bird, are counted—have decided to what place we will hie (I rather like that expression; it sounds as if I had intentions toward the stage). Really, we think the ideal place is reached. It is a farm with a lot of room outdoors and not too much in. Consequently the supply of board is ample. The landlady has some ideas tending toward civilization, since there is a bathtub, and she can realize, unlike the average landlady, that people of fastidious tastes prefer when there is only one tub in the house to have it intimately acquainted with the scrubbing brush and some soda and hot water once in awhile. I once went to a farmhouse in the "really right" country where I used to help with the tea things, assist the "surge" to chase the mice in the barn and teach the girls in the family how to cut their skirts after the latest new fashion, but was in me! The mouse no longer fears me, for when I start to run a twinge of rheumatism announces to him that crabbed youth and rheumatism cannot run after him with success, though they do sometimes.

However, to return to the present, which when one has passed 21 is always pleasant than the past, we are here. Like the detective in the melodrama who always pops up and saves the heroine, "We have come." How we will like it remains to be seen. This morning, when I felt a little poorly and one shutter would shake, our courteous landlady fetched a genial looking gentleman to arrange the shutter, who, seeing me arrayed as most people are who are in bed, gave me no opportunity to say anything, but announced that he had daughters of his own and I needn't apologize. He little knew that I had no intention of doing this, for I had put on a matinee jacket with pink ribbons especially for his benefit. At first I did not understand exactly why he looked at me with what seemed a measuring eye. He appeared to be taking me in by inches.

Then think of it! I learned that this shutter fixing person was the village undertaker, and he was staring at me with an eye to business. But I am glad to know that, gentle and genial as he was, he will never make anything of me, for when I bid goodbye to this gay and festive world I shall depart in a plain pine box. I want nobody to look at me and want to be taken to my grave in a wagon and have only a couple of the men of my family at the funeral.

But we will drop that now and talk about going to the country. When we started out, we were a procession. There were all the rest of them, and then I came with the two dogs howling with delight because they were going to ride in a baggage car and be made much of, while a young man who has a weakness for me carried the canary, chirping its shrillest because it realized it was going where it can be in the sunshine all day long and can sniff the very sweetest of flowers. Then there were a couple of men who announced that they wouldn't carry a thing, but who staggered under a dress suit case containing something which was forgotten until the last moment, while somebody else had a box of candy, a pound of fine tea and three umbrellas and a storm coat, which we forgot to put up, but they had to go, so they went. And when we got there, there was a large wagon to meet us, and we looked as if we had just arrived from the old country, and we went sailing (metaphorically) sitting on our trunks. The two dogs turned up their noses at this, so one sat in my lap, while Molly held the other one, who would insist on trying to catch flies.

There are times when a puppy, cheerful as he may be, is somewhat in the way. On our arrival this truth was proved, since the two small fox terriers got into a fight with a large collie, and, much to the sorrow of our small boy, it was interrupted. The collie was tied up in the stable, while the two pups went out, sat just outside it, and he waited as if there were going to be a death in the neighborhood, until the farmer untied him, and then they all kissed and shook paws and were good friends. The average dog is very peculiar and would rather eat some dirty old bone covered with cold fat and fished out of a coal scuttle than a nice piece of chicken on a china plate. To return to the two legged ones.

As far as can be expected, we are now settled, and we sit out on the veranda and are industrious beyond expression and lounge in hammocks and read or go to sleep, but we take life easily and find that we gain flesh by doing so. We have wonderful discussions, in which the farmer's daughter joins, running in every now and then from the kitchen, where she is making cherry pies, to give her opinion, which is not a flowery, but a direct one.

We have discussed the war, killed the Spaniards, own the world, having long ago possessed the fish and the devil. Then we come down to clothes, and the farmer's daughter, who is a pretty girl, with a very good idea as to the correct thing in frocks and other things, said, having given the last look at the pic-

"Do you know I never can get a veil to suit me." And a girl who came with us and who is counted one of the best dressed in the city grew slangy and answered, "You are not the only one—dear, no!" Then the farmer's daughter, whose name is Bessy (doesn't that suggest clover and good things to eat and dimpled cheeks?), said: "Every time I go to New York I have the same old bother. If I put my veil on right; either my eyelashes poke through or else a hole comes just in the center, and my nose comes through it, as if I smelled something I didn't like. If I arrange it loosely, I have a sort of a swaddled air. You know, father isn't a bit stingy with me, and when I go to town he always gives me all the money I want, so I concluded that instead of buying veils that were nothing but

snakes and delusions I would get one of those real lace ones that cost like the dickens, but are expected to last several generations. It always seemed to me rather dainty to have a real lace veil.

"Well, I got one, for which I paid seven beautiful ducats, and I don't like to tell the story of it. It was fine, white lace, with a border of black rosebuds and a half blown rosebud here and there over the net. Perhaps you will understand how I looked with it on when I tell you that mother, who doesn't know much of city life, said to me: 'Bessy, that makes you look so queer. I don't know exactly the words to express how you do look.' I saw myself, however, and I said: 'I will tell you, mother. I look like the sort of woman who speaks of herself as a "perfect lady." Draw on your imagination as to my appearance. I loathe togery I can't wear, so I gave that veil to Cousin Bettie, who will be 72 her next birthday, and she looks lovely in it. Then I bought another one, a black one with a white border, and when I put it on the people who knew mother and me both asked me how my daughter was and what time I thought pig killing would be this fall."

Then we all howled, and Molly spoke: "My experience is that very thin black net with tiny little dots rather close together is the most becoming at all times, but the proper thing to do just now is to wear two veils, one a thickly dotted black one, the net being very fine, and this must be drawn close up over your

hat with the ends turned under and pinned with a fancy clasp. Then there must be a white chiffon dotted with white silk, and this must be hung around your hat as if it were a window drape, the ends being straight and loose at the back and the whole thing slipping and flapping with every breath of wind. The girls who go to extremes wear a blue veil and then a brown one, and some wear a white one and then a brown one, while a few girls, the kind who have just got home from Paris, are wearing blue underneath and green outside. Personally I like white and black best, but of course a girl always likes a choice in everything, from veils and olives to flowers and men."

Taking up the question of spending money and not giving things away, just look how generous women are when they give their hearts, their best possessions, to brutes of the deepest dye! The woman is a bad spender who buys things she doesn't want because they are cheap or who buys things not suited to her age or appearance, counting on their being useful some day. Stuff goes out of fashion and are only fit for dustbins. She who buys cheap gloves, cheap shoes or cheap artificial flowers makes herself look as cheap as they are. There are a number of follies committed in the name of dress.

"Bother!" said I. "It is a good thing to be foolish once in awhile, because then you become learned in wisdom, and—and"—I had just got this far when the smallest boy of the tribe was

brought up in a semifainting condition, while the two puppies trotted after him, wet, but happy, all three having tumbled into the horse trough. We gave the small boy brandy, while the puppies went off and lay where the sun blazed upon them at the rate of 99 degrees. But they liked it. Even the small boy when he had had enough brandy said, "I nearly drowned, but I had a good time."

And do you know there is a lot in making a determination to have a good time, for then you are pretty apt to get it, but you cannot have a good time if you find everything a trouble and everybody disagreeable.

You can't have a good time if your wardrobe is going to be first in your consideration.

You can't have a good time unless you wake up in the morning with a smile on your face and wear your smile all day long.

You can't have a good time unless you are going to look out for the good times of other people.

You can't have a good time unless you keep a sharp lookout for the funny things in life.

You can't have a good time at all, anywhere or with anybody, unless you have got a little book, a mental one, on the first page of which is written, "Make the best of everything."

That is the secret of having a good time. I have tried it, and it is a success—it is—it is—on the word and honor of

BAB.

THE SAMPSONS' HOME

The Residence, Characteristics and Personal Appearance of the Members of the Family of the Famous Admiral.

[Copyright, 1938.]

While Admiral Sampson down in Cuba is pounding into submission the haughty spirits of the dons the admiral's family is winning golden opinions in Glen Ridge, N. J., on account of the calm and philosophical way in which its members view the fortunes of war. Glen Ridge is a town about 15 miles from New York on the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad. It is as quiet and sedate a town as even New Jersey can boast and is sufficiently near to the Oranges to lay claim to some reputation as an aristocratic summer resort. The Sampson cottage is about three blocks away from the red brick station that looks not unlike a miniature edition of Morro Castle, with its tall, ivy covered turrets, its cut stone buttresses and high ridge.

The streets of Glen Ridge are broad, well paved and lined with large shade trees, and the houses potter up and down the boulevards with a frequency that shows the inhabitants to be fond of outdoor exercise. The large picturesque houses are surrounded by many acres of velvet lawns or else look down from terraces that suggest the hanging gardens of Babylon. Churches are numerous and sufficiently elegant to advise strangers that religion is popular in the prosperous circles of Glen Ridge. Clark street, where the Sampsons occupy a very unpretentious cottage, has on its principal corner the Congregational church, where on Sunday mornings the entire family minus the brave admiral gathers to ask at the throne of grace that the angels keep a special lookout over the commander of the Cuban fleet. Every one in Glen Ridge goes to church, and the fact that the Sampsons occupy one of the pews in the Congregational church has given a new interest to the services of the minister, the Rev. Frank Goodwin, an Amherst college man of earnestness and ability.

Right here it may be mentioned that there is no shorter road than talent to the interest of the Sampsons, from the admiral down to 8-year-old Harold, who claims distinction for his pet cat as the brightest kitten in Glen Ridge and able, as a naval cat should be, to thrash every other feline in the town without reference to its age, size or previous experience. In the bright lexicon of the Sampson cat, where a scrimmage is concerned, there is no such word as fail. For this reason the neighborhood since the arrival of the Sampsons has been pleasingly free from midnight muscades, to which the whiskered pets of the town used previously to treat that section.

The stranger who approaches the Sampson home will be particularly impressed by the luxury of flags and banners with which the outer walls are adorned. One large flag bordered with gold fringe is the gift of the patriotic ladies of Glen Ridge. Another flag floats from the big cherry tree, while over the porch is a smaller one. The bicycles of the boys, which, as a rule, stand upon the lawn, are generously adorned with red, white and blue ribbon, and the small Sampsons themselves from time to time bloom forth in the latest mode in patriotic pins and personal decorations. The family consists of Mrs. Sampson, Miss Nan, Miss Olive and Masters Ralph and Harold Sampson.

If a midnight burglar by mistake should wander into the Sampson parlors, it would take only a flash of the dark lantern to discover the fact that he had struck the residence of a naval officer. The furniture of the Glen Ridge cottage does not belong to the family, as the house was rented furnished, but those odds and ends with which clever women manage to add charm to even the most pleasing interior take the form of naval souvenirs. Flags and a sort of ladder of lighted streamers with the names of the different ships Admiral Sampson has commanded line one corner of the parlor wall, and sketches and photographs of the hero of Santiago are plentiful. These, it must be explained, are all treasure trove of the present war and were sent to the family by the artists who went to the front as representatives of the different journals to make pictures for their papers. The large photograph from which most of the newspaper cuts were made was never seen by the Sampsons until sent to them by the enterprising photographer who had secured a snap shot at the admiral.

One would suppose from the aversion that the Sampsons have to being photographed that they had a deep and unalterable suspicion of cameras and photographers. The only photograph of Mrs. Sampson which is known to be in existence reposes safely at Santiago in the left breast pocket of the admiral. No amount of eloquence has so far been sufficient to persuade her to have that photograph duplicated for the accommodation of the enterprising journalists who make frequent pilgrimages to Glen Ridge for that purpose.

The admiral is a distinctly intellectual, looking woman. She is tall, with a fine, commanding presence and thoughtful brown eyes. Her hair is dark and without a single silver thread. She is strong and vigorous looking, impressing one with her good common sense and amiability. If Mrs. Sampson

sees and gypsies. A charming theme for study this and to be unstintingly recommended to the well leasured! It will lead back to the returning of some of the most curious, most fascinating, most suggestive pages of the matchless Greek story.

In Greece the parents of a girl are keenly anxious to obtain for her a husband, and they quite reverse the usual methods of marriage by purchase. Unlike most nations where parents arbitrarily dispose of their daughters matrimonially, the father and mother of a

will not have a photograph taken, Master Harold, the youngest son, so resembles his mother that one has only to imagine him in feminine attire, with luxuriant dark brown hair smoothly parted from his broad, low forehead, and behold, one has a fair picture of the admiral's wife!

This aversion to being photographed is one of many traits that mark Mrs. Sampson as being unmodern.

There is, however, one kind of club which the junior members of the Sampson family would find agreeable—that is a tennis club. When Admiral Sampson himself isn't smashing Spanish batteries, he is never so happy as with a tennis racket in his hand. A few years ago he had the reputation of being the finest tennis player in Washington. He and ex-Secretary Olney made a team of tennis players that left a trail of victories behind them over which Washington still speaks with bated breath. Matched against each other they afforded a scene of conflict that would at least run the storming of Santiago a close second.

Strangers who met the dignified naval officer and the secretary of state on Pennsylvania avenue engaged in solemn converse, edging nearer to catch one of the words of wisdom on affairs of state that fell from their experienced lips, would be startled to find them plunged in animated discussion of tennis scores and expert ideas on serving the ball. All the younger Sampsons are good tennis players, and had the admiral remained in New York, as was the expectation when they took the Glen Ridge house before the breaking out of the war, the general public may be pretty sure the Glen Ridgers would have seen some crack tennis playing.

Until vacation time the two Sampson boys were in daily attendance at the Glen Ridge school. They are bright little fellows, full of fun and high spirits, and were great favorites with their schoolmates, who felt deeply the honor of association with a real live acting rear admiral's sons. Masters Harold and Ralph, however, were not in the least spoiled by the admiration of the other children, who looked on them as sources of information quite superior to the daily newspapers.

Since school has closed an occasional visit to New York city when their mother or sisters go shopping has varied the monotony of the vacation playtime. The interest which the children take in the war cannot be wondered at. The Iowa, from which their father was transferred to the New York when given command of the north Atlantic squadron, the boys considered the one invincible ship in the navies of the world, and they wept bitter tears when it was taken away from their father. Every spar and every ounce of oakum on the ship is dear to them, and it took some persuasion to convince the boys that the New York, while it was not the Iowa, was a better ship for the commander of the fleet. The boys are well posted in all that relates to naval affairs, as they are the joy and delight of their father's heart, and when he is at home, his very shadows.

When Admiral Dewey won his great victory at Manila and there were surmises that the war would be speedily brought to a close, Master Ralph made himself heard with the protest:

"Well, I hope the war won't stop until papa has had a chance in a good scrap."

Miss Olive Farrington Sampson, the younger daughter, is engaged to be married to a young San Franciscoan. She is a very handsome girl, with the brightest and merriest of brown eyes and a figure that is the perfection of slender grace. Books and music are favorite recreations with her, although she has a wholesome, happy interest in society, for which she is eminently fitted. Her sympathies are keen and quick. One of her latest interests is the College Settlement work on the east side of New York, to which some of the workers among the poor introduced her. At her first visit to the Settlement house, on Irving street, the little unruly class of the east side who were not entitled by membership to the pleasure of meeting her mobbed the door and were at her request admitted instead of being dispersed by the police. The youngsters, on their best behavior, marched past her in orderly file, satisfied, and spread the news over the east side of how they had shaken hands with the daughter of the man who is "Hickin the Spaniards down in Cuba."

Mrs. Sampson was a Miss Elisabeth Vassar and was before her marriage a teacher in Vassar and in Wells colleges, where she was an enthusiastic and successful instructor. She was but 20 when she first entered Vassar college as a teacher, and there is a good story to the effect that on the journey thither her car seat was shared by an august member of the faculty, who, with kind intent, asked her if she (Miss Burlingame) were properly prepared to pass the preparatory examinations. The senior's consternation the next day when she discovered the truth caused a persistent game of hide and seek to be played thereafter between the new instructor and the unhappy senior.

CAROLINE WETHERELL.

THE NEW RUSSIAN EMBASSADOR AND HIS NIECE.



For many years Russia and the United States have enjoyed very cordial relations, and the repeated newspaper reports that Russia intended uniting with Austria, Italy and France in coercing the United States in the interest of Spain worried Russia not a little. The growing cordiality between England and the United States also has not been particularly pleasing to the czar, and there is every evidence that Ambassador Cassini has been instructed by his ruler to assure the United States of Russia's friendship at every opportunity.

Mlle. Marguerite de Cassini is a lovely girl about 18 years of age, rather tall and very slender, with a wealth of wavy dark hair, laughing dark eyes, a charming expression and most engaging manner. Since her infancy, when she lost both parents, she has been the companion of her uncle and has traveled a good deal. She has been carefully educated, chiefly by tutors, until two years ago, when she entered the Convent of St. Joseph at Paris. She is a fine musician, has a sweet, well trained voice, speaks French, English, German and Chinese, besides her own language, is fond of outdoor sports and a graceful and fearless horsewoman.

GREEK MARRIAGE 'CUSTOMS.

Woman's position in Greece from the most ancient times down to the present day has always been one of unqualified dignity and repute. Even the Greek gods had much consideration (and had reason to have) for their womankind. Did not even Vulcan feel for his somewhat frivolous wife no small degree of that conjugal fear which is akin to respect? And in what page of Greek history may we not trace the writing of a

woman's hand? There were details of Aspasia's life of which all Greeks could not have approved; but, for all that, her life was one of public dignity and universal respect, for all Greece admired her beauty and respected her intellect. Greek women in the vast majority have been able, and the Greeks have always been great respecters of ability. Glancing at the position of woman in Greece and then considering the marriage

customs of the modern Greeks, the unthoughtful and the superficially thinking are easily surprised to find that many of those customs point toward the inferiority and the subjugation of womankind. But the reason, the explanation, is luridly itself and not far to seek. A conquered nation adopts the habits, the tricks of manner and of custom, of its conquerors far sooner than it does their feelings, points of view or thought methods. From a long wearing of a Turkish yoke of bondage the Greeks, who are

naturally almost as adaptive and imitative as the Japanese, inevitably slipped into many Turkish methods and ways of life, and hence the many pronounced resemblances between the marriage customs of Greece and those of Turkey. The survivals of the marriage rites of classical times which we find in the marriage rites of modern Greece are intensely interesting, but not surprising to even the easiest going student of a people so retentive of memory and sentiment as are the Greeks, among

whom it is far short of phenomenal to meet a peasant who can recite exactly and explain and annotate minutely unbroken pages of Homer. Nor is it surprising that the marriage customs of modern Russia and of modern Greece so much resemble each other. The ascetic supremacy of the Greek church in Russia accounts for that.

But what does somewhat make one wonder and is of profound interest is the distinct trace in the marriage customs of Greece of customs analogous with the modern Chinese, Hindoo, Far-

sees and gypsies. A charming theme for study this and to be unstintingly recommended to the well leasured! It will lead back to the returning of some of the most curious, most fascinating, most suggestive pages of the matchless Greek story.

In Greece the parents of a girl are keenly anxious to obtain for her a husband, and they quite reverse the usual methods of marriage by purchase. Unlike most nations where parents arbitrarily dispose of their daughters matrimonially, the father and mother of a

Greek girl do not demand a round sum from her suitor, but instead give him a dowry with her to make weight in the marriage balance. The girl's parents invariably employ a matchmaker—a professional matchmaker—who in some parts of Greece is paid a fixed or agreed upon sum and in others receives an honorarium strictly commensurate with the advantageousness of the bargain consummated. The Greeks marry all the year round except in May, against which they share the prejudice common to many races.

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Is what everybody wants, particularly in

SHOES

Our Shoes are made especially for us, from the best selected stock, in the most thorough manner, on the latest style lasts.

Our Sorosis Shoes for ladies and our Elite Shoes for gentlemen are good articles.

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(Successors to Wm. Martin & Co.)

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WATCHES

At wholesale price. For the eof the month

DICKINSON

Will sell nickel, silver, filled and solid 14 kt. gold Ladies' and Gent's watches at actual cost for cash. To reduce stock which is entirely too large for this season

SPECIAL NOTICE COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS UNDER THIS HEADING ONE-HALF CENT A WORD A DAY. ADVS. OF LESS THAN 20 WORDS THREE DAYS FOR 25 CENTS. NO CHARGE LESS THAN 10 CENTS.

TO RENT:

Tenement on Ballou street, 8 rooms, \$3 a month. Inquire H. S. Lyons. **A large furnished front room**, with or without board at 18 Potter place, down stairs. **Tenement** 6 rooms \$10, 34 High street. Inquire A. D. Hovey. **Furnished room**, steam heat, P. J. Malone, Centre street. **Tenement** on Main street. Inquire Clarence W. Gallup or George Hopkins. **House** to rent. McConnell block. Inquire No. 2 North Holden st. **Furnished room**. Apply 21 Ashland st. **Tenement** modern 12 rooms. 137 F. P. Brown, 142 East Main, 46 East Sunday st. **Room** to rent. Inquire 19 Chestnut street. **Modern apartments**. 108 Eagle street. **Furnished room** 3 Ashland street. Inquire 3 Stevens heated flat in Arnold place. Inquire 3 Boland block. **Nice tenement** to rent, 13 Venable street. Inquire 12 Bank street, city. **A nice room** tenement on Holden street. Inquire 10 Holden street. **Furnished room**, 16 Morris street. Inquire of Wm. H. Bennett, 2 Adams National Bank Building. **Four room flat**, Holden street, \$10 and \$11. **Five room tenement**, new, Central avenue, \$12.50 and \$14. **Light room** in cottage, new, steam heat and electric lights, \$20 and \$25. Hudson street. Inquire Ralph M. Dowlin's office. 121 Main st. **First-class store**, plate front corner of Miller and Union streets. Apply to Thomas Quinn, 22 Union street. **A 7-room tenement**. 50 Liberty st. **Two new 6-room flats**, all modern improvements. Apply F. E. Gleason, 46 East Sunday st. **Desirable tenement** on Glen avenue. H. A. Gallup, Boland block.

ROOMS AND BOARD.

Table board and rooms, 30 Summer street, corner Bank street. R & B 280 787

SITUATIONS WANTED.

General housework girl, cooks, waitresses, laundresses. Apply North Adams Employment Bureau, Room 7, Kimball Block, Main street. Office hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. J. A. GEORGE, Manager. **Wanted** a position as nurse by young lady who has had experience and comes well recommended. Address Nurse, Transcript office. w 41 162

LOST.

Between Quinor street and The Transcript office a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Reward for return to this office. 139 17

FOR SALE.

For sale because of leaving town, a cook stove, folding bed, chamber set, two white enameled beds. Inquire top floor, Beer & Dowling block, Eagle street.

To Rent.

If you are thinking of moving or hiring a tenement, be sure and inquire at our office and inspect the six and eight-room tenements, four and six-room flats and eight-room cottages, which we now have to rent. All complete, with modern improvements; are new or in first-class repair; centrally located. **FEER & DOWLING**, Law Office, Room 11, Martin's Block.

North Adams Savings Bank.

NOTICE TO DEPOSITORS. In accordance with the provisions of chapter 126 of the Acts of the year 1896 of the laws of Massachusetts all depositors are hereby notified to present their books of deposit at the bank for verification before the first day of October, 1898. This call is made under the provisions of said chapter which reads as follows: "Section 47. During the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, and every third year thereafter, every such corporation shall call in the books of deposit of their depositors for verification, under rules to be prescribed by their respective boards of investment, duly approved by the board of commissioners of savings banks." **NORTH ADAMS SAVINGS BANK**, By V. A. WHITAKER, Treasurer, North Adams, Mass., July 19, 1898.

The undersigned has opened an office

No. 3 New Blackinton Block,

For the buying and selling of

Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Cotton for

Cash or on Margin,

With private telegraph wires to all markets.

E. McA. Learned

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BEST LAWN SPRINKLERS MADE.

THE "TWIN COMET," Price \$5.

Delivered free with privilege 5 days trial.

These Sprinklers Are

UNIQUE, EFFICIENT, & LABOR SAVING.

Will sprinkle 4 times greater area than any other sprinklers made.

Can be seen in operation at office of The Transcript, or at residence of the editor of this paper.

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49 Warren St. Sole Agents & Mfgs. New York. Springfield, Mass.

For sale by all Hardware and Rubber Stores in the U. S.

Agents Wanted—Can make big money.

ICE CREAM

Delivered to any part of the city.

Telephone Call 116-5.

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President, A. C. Houghton; Treasurer, V. A. Whitaker; Vice-Presidents, William Burton, G. L. Rice, W. H. Gaylord; Trustees, C. Houghton, William Burton, G. L. Rice, W. A. Gallup, E. S. Wilkinson, H. T. Cady, C. H. Cutting, V. A. Whitaker, W. H. Gaylord, W. H. Berry, Arthur Robinson, N. L. Millard, F. A. Wilcoxson. Board of Investment, G. L. Rice, W. H. Gaylord, F. A. Wilcoxson.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-herb that makes weak men strong. All drug stores, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

LETTERS FROM FRONT

How Local Volunteers Are Living and Fighting At Santiago.

MESSAGES FROM HARRY BROWNE.

"Kind Uncle Sam, Please Pass This Through, I'm a Soldier Broke, With Money Due." Is His Stamp. J. I. Thompson Describes the Country.

Yesterday's mail brought to I. S. Browne a letter from his son, Harry, which will be read with interest by the many who know him. The envelope it came in bore no stamp, but in its place the following couplet:

"Kind Uncle Sam please pass this through, I'm a Soldier broke with money due."

Under date of June 27 Harry writes as follows:

I wrote you last on board the "Mandito," our steamer, but am afraid you will not get it. We landed at 52 Cuba, 10 miles east of Santiago. The Spaniards had erected defenses, but our warships bombarded the life out of them. They took to the hills. After landing, the brigade to which we belong, an advance was made, our regiment being the third in line, Col. Van Horn commanding the brigade, and Van Horn was killed. We marched four miles in the mountains when we were camped for the night. The next day we marched ten miles to a town the name of which I do not remember, but from which the Cubans had already driven the Spaniards. There we camped two days, the other brigade taking the lead while we rested. Amongst them were Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who were fired upon in ambush, but with the assistance of the 19th cavalry they drove the Spaniards some 1800, flying, but alas, they lost several killed and many wounded while over a hundred Spanish dead were left upon the field.

We were next sent forward four miles and reinforced the troops at that point, where we stayed two days. I was here detailed for picket duty one night, about half a mile from camp. Our next and last march brought us where we now are, within five miles of Santiago, which will be attacked in a few days. Our forces here number 27,000, to compete with 18,000, with Sampson from the shore; the Americans on the right and the Cubans on the left; we hope to lick them out of them.

We get good water here, and plenty of it, although the marches are terribly fatiguing. I am still in the best of health, but hungry, as we are short of rations, having been without now a day, but they are coming right along now. I touch no fruit of any kind, and am looking out for "number one." Every town we come to shows signs of Spanish desolation as they burn everything behind them. Cocumers abound in great quantities, and we all right it eaten of sparingly.

Roads are being shoveled through, and already wagon trains and artillery are on the way. We will be here probably a week before attacking Santiago. I think it will be "dead easy" as the Spanish have made no resistance whatever.

I miss you but trust we shall all come back some day. How I miss the bank! I had to leave on the transport, but I may be able to get it in Santiago. All the boys in Company M, are well and happy, and many have told me to thank you for the part you took in the entertainment at Adams for the company. I hear it was a grand success. We are living in great style on hard tack and bacon, but we have two or three ways of cooking it so that it makes very good eating.

I have met Foster Scott, he is looking fine, please tell his father when you see him and remember me to all the boys. As a mail clerk is ready to take this to the dock, I will close, hoping we will be spared to meet again I remain, your loving son, HARRY.

P. S. By the time this reaches you we hope the American flag will float over Santiago.

Under date of July 5th he also writes:

I have been through one battle and a march under strong fire, and thank God am unharmed. We are now strongly entrenched outside of Santiago, and are under an armistice of 48 hours, which in all probability will settle matters here. In the first battle our regiment lost five killed and 55 wounded. Our company had five wounded, among them being Arthur Carey, who sustained a flesh wound in the neck. All the boys will recover, and are now on their way to the states. I will write again after Santiago falls, for she surely must, as we have the city surrounded, and the Spanish loss has been terrible. And the Span has possession of the harbor, and can lay them low in an hour's time. Hoping God will spare us all till we meet again, I am, your loving son, HARRY.

STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

And Description of Cuba and Cubans by J. I. Thompson.

My Dear Father and Sister: Oh, what a glorious island! It is one of the most fertile lands I ever saw. Since we have been here it has rained on an average once a day about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The sun is intense from about 8 o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., but before and after those hours it is just fine. The evenings are subject to very heavy dews. We can put a shirt or pair of pants out over night to air them and get up in the morning and you would think it rained.

The vegetation on the island is marvelous, fruit and all kinds of vegetable matter growing in abundance. The fruit trees are in the greatest of the pineapple, which are not ripe at this season of the year, the cocoanut,

which we find like apples, the mango, which is about as large as a pear and shaped something similar to a peach. This is a most delicious fruit. There are many hundreds of different kinds of berries and such other things that we wouldn't eat because we couldn't tell any thing about them, it is up to their eating matters.

The land looks in some places near the city as though it was cultivated a number of years ago. I suppose on account of recent wars it was almost abandoned. In some places we find sweet corn, beans, green peppers, tomatoes, etc. These small patches were tilled mostly by Spaniards, the Cubans living on the fruits and plundering. If we had some Americans in here with the same chance that the Cubans had they would make a small fortune in a few years on their little gardens. The land is rich and needs no manure whatever. Everything is as green as it is up home, but you wouldn't think it would grow whatever on account of the intense heat through the day. But I suppose it is on account of the rich soil and rains that keep them alive.

The Cubans are in a fair condition now outside the city, for we have given them most of our clothes that we couldn't carry on our marches. When we draw our rations we usually divide them and they will do most anything for us.

Well I will have to write you a few words about exploits since July 1. Since this time I have been taking notes of what happened every day so I could write you a good long interesting letter.

Friday, July 1, 1898—Battle of Carambola. We were camped the night before about two miles from this place alongside of an old mountain road. At 6 o'clock a. m. we broke camp and started on our march toward the town. At 6.45 a. m. the first gun was fired from our field battery of two guns, which meant that hostilities had begun.

The 2d Massachusetts was held in the rear as a reserve while the 23d and 8th regiments of the Regulars made the attack. The reason for their holding us as reserves was on account of our shells being loaded with black powder. The smoke coming from our guns gave our positions away. The enemy and Regulars all use the smokeless powder and by this we couldn't find out their positions. But we finally found where they were and made it hot for them. A part of our company was brought on the firing line but they had to come back. The battle was fierce and bloody for nine hours. The 23d and 8th kept up the firing all day.

If we had the same number of men as the enemy and had the same protection they did and they had the same number of men we had why they would never drive us out in God's world. They had about three or four thousand men in strong block houses and intrenchments, while we had to lie flat and too everything they fired at us.

The 25th colored infantry came when we sent for reinforcements and they started in to attack them right away. It was a grand charge. They showed the Spaniards no mercy at all and killed them with their bayonets. Their officers couldn't do anything with them whatever. They killed about 1,500 in the pits and left them dying and dead piled up in the pits. After this the 17th never refuse sitting at the same table and eating with a colored soldier for they are the best fighters the United States ever had. They fear nothing and when they make a charge they make it hot for the enemy.

John J. Welch was shot in the groin. He is gaining fast.

Fred Simmons, while dressing a wounded man, was shot in the knee.

Walla Paradise was shot in the shoulder.

Alfred Thiel, who was sitting about three yards from me at the time, was looking in the head just back of the right temple.

Arthur Carey of North Adams was shot in the cheek. His case was marvelous. The bullet knocked out two teeth and stayed in his mouth. He pulled it out and put it in his pocket, so he will have something to remember this cruel Spanish war.

Saturday, July 2, 1898—At 2 a. m. rations were issued, and we moved back. This move was made on account of Spanish artillery being on the same road, and we had to take a more round-about way through the woods. We were taken to the southeast of Santiago, where we were held again as reserves.

The most of the men killed at this place were killed by sharpshooters. They are (France) Frenchmen hired by the Spaniards. They took their positions in the top of palm trees which are so abundant on the island and are in them. Our men are getting on to them now and are getting four or five a day. Some they bring down alive and others they kill. The ones they get alive they turn over to the Cubans and they torture and kill them. At 10 p. m. we were awakened by shots from the enemy's side, who were entrenched at the top of a ridge while we were at the foot. They tried to rush in on us but were quickly repulsed and they went back to their entrenchments on the hill. But one man was wounded in the regiment here, and that was a stray bullet. The only trouble is we can't get our siege guns from the shore as the roads are not in condition to draw them over. The firing was kept up all day and part of the night at this place.

Sunday, July 3, 1898—All awoke this morning with great expectations of going into the firing lines, but were overcome with joy when the news came about 10 o'clock that Sampson had gotten into the harbor and a flag of truce was risen for neither side to fire until further orders. It was said that an armistice had been granted and by Monday, July 4, we would know whether they would surrender or not. Nothing much happened during the day until about 4.30 p. m., when cheering from thousands of throats and playing of bands brought forth the glad tidings of great joy that Sampson sunk or captured the whole Spanish fleet, and lost one man and two

wounded, while he captured 700 Spaniards with Admiral Cervera, and took him on board the Iowa.

Monday, July 4—Left this battle ground about 7 a. m., and marched to where we are now, starting the enemy instead of fighting them. Then we got orders that any man caught talking loud would be arrested. It was one of the most lonesome Fourth of July I ever put in in my life, but we had a couple that doubly paid for this one. Sam Hiser, Willie Sims and myself are sleeping together.

Tuesday, July 5—No great news during forenoon, but at noon we were brought to the front of a ridge to dig trenches for our safety if they do make an attack. The trenches are about our feet wide with an embankment of dirt and sods in front, about four feet deep and three feet wide. Trenches were also dug for the field battery of our, three and two-tenths inch guns, which are at the left of our regiment. This is all we done all day.

Wednesday, July 6—We got up about 5 a. m. and went into the trenches digging again. If we had the same kind of dirt as we have in the United States we could dig them in a day, but just as soon as we throw it out it sinks as hard as it was before. More sickness in camp for the last two or three days, but usually most of the boys are poisoned, and mostly stomach trouble from eating too much fat. But I am in first-class health, never feeling better in my life than at present. We haven't taken Santiago yet but probably will before this reaches you.

BIG ADDITION TO REFRIGERATOR

Armour & Co. Begin Work On a New Building for Local Purposes.

Armour & Co. have broken ground for a large addition to their refrigerator on Morris street. The present building is 23 by 75 feet and two stories high, and the addition will be 49 feet wide and the length and height of the old structure, making a building 63 by 75 feet and two stories high. In addition to this there will be a basement under the whole building. In the addition will be stables for four horses, besides room for the company's wagons. The building will also be equipped with an elevator running from the basement to the second floor.

The work will be done in the most thorough manner and the building will contain all the latest sanitary and other improvements. It will have a plate glass front, the offices will be finished in hard wood and the floors will be of hard wood. The offices will be heated by steam and there will be a cooler in the basement as well as on the first floor. When completed it will be the largest and best refrigerator in this section. The cost of the addition and improvements will be more than double that of the present building and the capacity of the refrigerator will be five times greater than now.

The plans were drawn by George H. Kennerly of Chicago and the work of construction will be superintended by T. A. Horne of that city. Both of these men are regularly employed in Armour & Co.'s building department, which furnishes steady employment to a large force of men. Mr. Horne is now on the ground and will remain until the building is completed, which will be in about two months. The basement and stables will have cement floors and the building will be adapted in every particular to the purposes for which it was designed.

E. F. Gibbs of this city has had the management of the company's business here for the last three years and the necessity of this big increase in facilities is due largely to his enterprise and push.

Death of Mrs. Mark Hopkins.

The death, at Williamstown, Monday, of Mrs. Mary Hubbell Hopkins, widow of Dr. Mark Hopkins, which was briefly noticed in this paper, removes one of the oldest and most esteemed residents of that town. The end came peacefully at her home near Mission park, several of her children being present at her bedside. Mrs. Hopkins had been in failing health for some years, but it was not until two months ago that her illness assumed an alarming form. Since then she had suffered much pain, and her children, who have been in constant attendance, realized that her strength was rapidly succumbing to the inevitable.

Mrs. Hopkins was the daughter of Lyman and Mary Foster Hubbell, and was born at South Williamstown, August 12, 1813. Her home stood near what is now the site of the Idlewild hotel. Her paternal ancestors were among the first settlers in Northern Berkshire. On Christmas day, 1832, she was married to Mark Hopkins, then professor of moral philosophy and rhetoric in Williams college, and later president of the college for many years. In "The Mark Hopkins," President Carter has this to say of the union: "This marriage was in every way happy, and the ideal relations of family life may be said to have followed from it. Through a period of 54 years, covering a career of great usefulness and eminence, but not unmarked by trials both of a domestic and personal character, with all his massive strength, he leaned in tenderness upon the wife whom he had chosen. He rarely went from home unless accompanied by her, and in all his varied literary work her approval and sympathy were to him the seal of success."

Ten children were born of this marriage, of whom two died in infancy, and one, the eldest, Miss Louisa Hopkins, in womanhood. The surviving children are Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins of Kansas City, Mo., Col. Archibald Hopkins of Washington, D. C., clerk of the United States court of claims; Maj. A. L. Hopkins of New York and Williamstown, Mark Hopkins of London, England, Miss Susan L. Hopkins of Williamstown, wife of Rev. Dr. John H. Denison, and Mrs. Charles C. Nott of Washington, D. C., wife of Judge Nott of the United States court of claims. Mrs. Hopkins survived her husband by 11 years. She was a lifelong member of the Congregational church, and had always taken an active interest in the religious, social and charitable work of the town. The funeral will probably be held at the house Wednesday. The burial will be in the college cemetery by the side of her husband.

The south side of Main street from Eagle street to the Adams national bank is to have a fresh coat of cement pavement where needed. The width of the pavement to show where the depression was begun this morning.

Scrophula, hip disease, salt rheum, dyspepsia and other diseases due to impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.



We are still selling for cost these household treasures.

See them at

71 Main Street North Adams Gas Light Co.

This Is Just the Season

When we are headquarters for Summer Goods

Our Piazza Rockers and Chairs are of the latest styles and the prices are lower this year than ever before. Do not buy a Refrigerator unless you get a good one. We sell the America which has no equal. In point of construction it is superior to all others. Ask for the Novelty Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove guaranteed in every way. A large assortment of Combination Book Cases just received. See them in my show window. Ten per cent discount on all cash purchases.

J. H. CODY,

Furniture and Undertaking. 22 to 30 Eagle St. Agent for Acorn Stoves and Ranges. Ten per cent. off on all cash purchases.

10 PER CENT DISCOUNT

On One, Two and Three Burner Oil Stoves for cash until

August 1,

J. M. Darby's Hardware Store,

49 EAGLE STREET.

HORTON'S ICE CREAM

We have placed a wagon on the road for the purpose of delivering

HORTON'S ICE CREAM At Your Door

Our wagon will pass through your street every afternoon and evening at about the same hour, and we shall be pleased to deliver you any flavor of Horton's Ice Cream either by the

Quart, Pint or Cake.

Quart 40 cents, Pint 25 cents. Cake 10 cents.

Orders may be telephoned to us for delivery at any hour

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Don't blame the boy, don't blame the coal, But blame the man who is so stubborn That he will not see that Pittston coal is the One Best Among All Others.

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